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THE HON. DAVID AND MRS. BOWES LYON.

COUNTRY LIFE

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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Builders and Decorators

"TWO'D be a pleasant joke to the World," once wrote Sir John Vanbrugh *à propos* Sir James Thornhill, "to See a Painter made Surveyor of the Works, in order to Save money; When all the Small knowledge or tast they ever have of it, is only in the Great expensive part, as Columns, Arches, Bass reliefs etc which they just learn enough of, to help fill up their Pictures." Not so many years later a decorative painter, William Kent, did actually become the leading architect of his generation, establishing an alliance between

the two arts in England that prepared the way for the triumphs of the Adam brothers in architecture and decoration alike, and in some degree creating a precedent for the state of affairs that we find to-day. Decorative painting of the kind alluded to by Vanbrugh, after a long period of decline, shows unmistakable signs of a revival. A school of young painters is in existence, of whom Mr. Philip Tilden, Mr. Rex Whistler and Mr. George Sherringham are, perhaps, the foremost, who are fully equipped to meet the growing demand for decorative wall paintings. The former, indeed, is a well known architect. But they are not the kind of decorators who to-day are challenging the field of home-making with the profession of architecture.

During the last decade the fashion for period rooms has greatly increased the number of firms who are capable not only of making the inside of a house a perfect reproduction of a Georgian or Stuart home, but, if necessary, of building a whole house in a required style. Many of these firms, moreover, combine the business of dealers in the materials of old houses which the owners have been compelled either to demolish or to disembowel. Regrettably as this process may be on many grounds, this branch of the art of decorating does bring the works of art or craft of the past into circulation again. Far better that they should find a new home where they will be treasured and understood, than that they should meet the fate which would have overtaken them not so many years ago. But it is not only in reproduction work that the decorator has excelled. A study of the possibilities of colour combination and of the uses of paint has produced in recent years interiors of quite unconventional beauty. Besides having revived the long-despised craft of graining and marbling, the practised decorator can produce, by means of stippling, glazing or undercoats, wall surfaces that are delightful in themselves independently of ornamental features. Colour is the particular forte of our generation, as comfort was of the Victorian age, and form of the eighteenth century. Everybody with a room to live in has some idea of colouring it; but it is not until they attempt to carry out the process that it is realised how desirable is the advice of a professional decorator.

Quite recently a great firm of decorators has had the initiative to introduce to this country a version of modern Continental decoration, modified to accord with English domestic tradition. The reception accorded by the public to the model flats at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's indicates unmistakably that a widespread demand exists, if as yet it is uncertain in its direction, for a style of interior treatment which is in harmony with other expressions of modern civilisation. The efficiency and simplicity imposed on construction by engineering is finding its way rapidly into the flats and small houses that modern conditions render popular. It remains to be seen whether it will be the architect or the decorator who will father modernism. Whichever profession seizes the opportunity, there is unlimited scope for clear thinking, original design and economical planning, whether the subject be a flat or a chest of drawers. Not the least important part of the modern movement will be the provision of designs for the furniture-making industry, which at present is exceedingly conservative. But whether a decorator, an architect or even an engineer becomes the William Kent or Robert Adam of the future, it is probable that before very long the "period room" will be a thing of the past in both senses of the phrase.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a photograph of the Hon. David and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon leaving the church after their wedding last week. The Hon. David Bowes-Lyon is the fourth son of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, and his bride is the younger daughter of Col. H. Spender-Clay, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Spender-Clay.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE whole nation was profoundly thankful to hear of the safe journey of His Majesty to Bognor last Saturday. That he was able to wave to the crowds of onlookers from the ambulance as he left Buckingham Palace must have cheered many who have, perhaps, been disappointed at the apparent slowness of his recovery and the cautiousness with which the bulletins have been worded. Now that the King is out of the fogs and damps of London and enjoying the sea air of Sussex we look forward to a steady improvement in his condition. But after so prolonged and trying an illness the tax on the patient's strength is bound still to be very great and the speed of his recovery slow. We have been warned by his doctors not to regard the removal to fresh surroundings as already ushering in the period of convalescence, or as showing that His Majesty is now out of all danger. But we may legitimately hope that the time will not be far distant before both these expectations may be fulfilled. So far, the public has shown a proper respect for the privacy of the King's new surroundings. By preserving that attitude and by refraining from any untoward display of sympathy, which might disturb the quiet retirement of Craigweil House, they can best contribute to His Majesty's speedy recovery.

SINCE the signing of the Peace Treaty in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, nothing more spectacular, from a historical point of view, has occurred than the signing of the concordat and convention between the Holy See and the Kingdom of Italy in the Palace of the Lateran. Not that there was anything of ostentation in the meeting between Cardinal Gasparri and Signor Mussolini; simply that, in the same hall in which Charlemagne was the guest of Pope Leo III, and in which the Treaty of Worms was ratified in 1123, another agreement, fraught with vital consequences for Italy and, indeed, for the whole Christian world, has come into being. Henceforth the territorial sovereignty of the Holy Father is recognised by a re-united Kingdom of Italy, whose capital is the Rome of the Cæsars. Henceforth the august prisoner of the Vatican will be free to move as he will through the land of Italy, carrying with him wherever he goes the immunities from local restraint and the powers to administer the laws of the Church which constitute his territorial sovereignty within the borders of the Papal State. It is impossible, without further knowledge of the terms of the convention and the concordat, to attempt to prophesy what results may come of this bold stroke of policy. At present little more can be said than that a great change has been wrought, the credit for which must be divided between the diplomacy of Cardinal Gasparri, unfettered by the reactionary influences of central Europe, and the bold statesmanship of a dictator whose power to carry out his side of the bargain seems now to be established beyond a peradventure.

IT must not, of course, be assumed that the new concordat is likely to be carried into practice without difficulties arising. Those who acknowledge the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope are spread far beyond the borders of the kingdom of Italy, and Papal policy, even in affairs of the most mundane kind, must necessarily have regard to the welfare of the Church as a whole. Christianity is, in its essence, a universal religion, and the Papacy is necessarily an international and not an Italian institution. Fascism, on the other hand, is strongly nationalist and xenophobe in its origins, and it is hardly to be expected that two institutions with such different ideals are always likely to see eye to eye in matters of policy. Speculations are, indeed, already arising as to how various domestic matters are to be adjusted. If, as it is to be supposed, canon law will henceforward be administered within the boundaries of the Papal State, what will be the attitude of the Italian Government towards offences committed on Papal territory which are not considered delinquencies under Italian law? Still more, what will be the attitude of the Pope towards the Fascist codes and penal laws, of some of which he can scarcely be believed to approve, if an attempt is made to enforce them on Papal territory? The Fascist laws regarding associations and meetings, and the question of the censorship of newspapers, obviously offer opportunity for considerable differences of opinion. Good will, however, may prevail over these and many other obstacles; and good will seems to exist in plenty, both on the part of the Duce and of the Pope, once Achille Ratti, scholar, traveller and son of the Alps, who must, in very truth, have lifted up his eyes and gazed longingly towards the hills many times during his seven years of imprisonment.

THE CHILD OF NATURE.

If she ever loved
It should be in such fashion
As the cloud burns with the moon
Or the grass to the wind's passion;
Or eager boughs, in the air
Of a morning blue and chill
Dance with their own delight
When other winds are still.

STELLA GIBBONS.

THE Jubilee Show of the Shire Horse Society, which opens on Tuesday at the Agricultural Hall, has every sign of being a great success. We cannot, of course, expect the number of entries to equal those of the days before the advent of the motor lorry and the tractor, but it is much beyond the average of the past few years. Looking back over half a century, it is astonishing to realise how the widely varying breeds and strains have gradually been welded into generic types most admirably fitted for agricultural and transport work. Among our three British-bred types the Shire is probably *primus inter pares*, though Clydesdales and Suffolks have both their fanciers, and the keen rivalry between the breeds is healthy for them all. It means that breeders are now paying much more attention than formerly to "quality" of bone, and real serviceableness. Sir Walter Gilbey, who is this year's President, has done much valuable work for the Shire, and worthily succeeds a father whose influence on the evolution of the breed has been incalculable. The council has decided to commemorate the Jubilee by producing an official record of the activities of the Society during the past half century. This interesting book is by no means restricted to statistical data, but recounts in detail the circumstances which led up to the formation of the Society, tells its subsequent history and gives an account of the outstanding personalities who have contributed to the maintenance of the Society and its work.

THE Irishmen, "good at a fight, but better at a play," surpassed themselves at Twickenham on Saturday. A victory by a single point does not sound a triumph, but there was a great deal more than a point's difference between the merits of the two teams, and Ireland's moral victory was far greater than would appear. Throughout the game the Irishmen took two steps forward for every one back; they were quicksilver to the Englishmen's lead. The

English, nevertheless, had their moments, and the one glorious try they scored was the best moment in the match. Half-time saw Ireland leading by three points to nothing, but with a definite superiority at all points clearly established; and yet two minutes after changing over England was ahead. That the change was too good to last was evident, but the final triumph Ireland owed largely to her captain, George Stephenson. This was Stephenson's thirty-seventh consecutive appearance for Ireland—an astounding record, which leaves the best performances of players in every other country far behind. Nor was this all, for, a quarter of an hour after the start, the Irish captain cracked a rib, and, although he was only absent for a few minutes, he had to play on the wing for the rest of the match, which almost upset the smooth running of the Irish three-quarter line, and would quite have done so with less adaptable colleagues. Stephenson's pluck in going on and in taking his share in the running, kicking and tackling that were required was beyond praise—that alone deserved a victory for his side.

THE question of the proposed sacristy between Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's reduces itself to this: do we want to provide the Dean and Chapter with a commodious wardrobe, or do we wish to retain a clear view of the Abbey's finest, and only unrestored, aspect? The model sacristy, for the erection of which the Dean and Chapter deserve every commendation, is unpretentious, is not seen from the west, and, thanks to St. Margaret's, is almost invisible from the north. But it is not enough, as the advocates of the wardrobe appear to consider, that the general outline of the Abbey, as seen casually from a distance, should be preserved. Those who experience the beauty of a building as they pass by sometimes go close, and the foundation of casual appreciation is the recollection of beauty in detail. Some part at least of the Abbey's beauty would be hidden by this building. With extensive outbuildings and crypt, to say nothing of a special fund at their disposal, the Dean and Chapter have no justifiable grounds for adding a further excrescence to the Abbey, however insignificant it may be.

THOSE who can remember sending or receiving valentines only knew, unless they are octogenarians, that *billet doux* in its decline. The exhibition of valentines now open at South Kensington carries the ancestry of the filigree, paper-lace card back to the middle of the eighteenth century, when it took the form of a broadside with music and a coloured cut. The origin of the custom goes back to very early times. Chaucer alludes to a proverb, "Birds of a feather, upon St. Valentine's day will meet together"; and Queen Elizabeth is recorded to have made a practice of choosing a beau on February 14th. Through the first half of last century the cards were often exceedingly decorative, their verses, however, tending to fall off, as this one, beneath a suitably splendid picture:

Adieu until we meet again
My gallant brave Hussar,
As warm in your attachment as
You valiant are in war.

After the Bulwer Lytton period, which may be said to have followed the keepsake phase, a decline set in, valentines lapsing either into boisterousness, even vulgarity, or into a *frou frou* of rosebuds and lace paper unsavouried by a grain of style in the rhymes. In 1886 the Post Office still had to cope with a heavy post on February 13th; but by 1898 the *Daily News* noted that the valentine was dead.

AFTER a year's application, Mr. Geoffrey Scott has edited the first three volumes of the private papers of James Boswell, which, after lying imprisoned at Malahide Castle, were brought to light a year ago by their American purchaser, Colonel Ralph Isham. Mr. Scott, who was on the point of publishing a *Life of Boswell* when this hoard was discovered, reveals that, like Pepys, Boswell fully intended the posthumous publication of his letters and journals. His hopes were frustrated by his descendants, who conceived that he had "lowered himself by his deferential suit and service to Johnson"—an attitude which

Macaulay's foolish estimate of Boswell was not calculated to modify. A hint of the feast that is in store for us when, at length, the eighteen volumes are in circulation is given by Mr. Scott's remark that "an egoist who had learned that men loved him for his egoism, he was willing to confide to his heir a self revelation more complete, if that were possible, than he imparted to his friends." Besides the machinery used in the making of the *Life of Johnson* than the private papers will reveal, there are full journals of Boswell's tours of the German Courts, Corsica and France, his sojourn with Voltaire, whom he tried to convert to Christianity, and of his life apart from the Doctor. No the least alluring prospect is the treatment which this rich material will undoubtedly receive at Mr. Scott's deft hands.

ST. VALENTINE.

Saint Valentine looked down from Heaven
Upon his own especial day,
And scanned the broad face of the earth
Below him as it lay.

Then Satan whispered in his ear
With smile triumphant and malign,
"Upon your shame and your defeat
Look long, Saint Valentine!"

"For valentines are out of date
And all romance is at an end;
There are no bleeding hearts to staunch,
No broken ones to mend.

"Your children have forgot your feast
And scorned your symbol and your sign.
Upon a world which needs you not
Look down, Saint Valentine!"

Said Valentine to Lucifer,
"Yea, on the earth mine eyes are bent;
And with the sights that greet them there
Lo, I am well content!"

"For I can see in every town,
At every corner of the street,
A lover with an eager face
A-waiting for his sweet.

"And I can see in every lane,
Ere yet the primrose buds appear,
A lover wrapped in ecstasy
A-walking with his dear.

"They do not call upon my name;
They set no flowers in my shrine;
Yet I have seen what I have seen—
I am content!" said Valentine.

JAN STRUTHER.

THE Report issued by the Ministry of Agriculture on the marketing of home-grown corn does not pretend to solve our grain growers' problems. It is, however, a thoroughly comprehensive survey of the situation, and indicates or suggests lines where joint effort might be successful in getting fairer prices for the farmer. Our British wheat is the best and sweetest in the world, our malting barley has no equal, and our home-grown oats are unrivalled—yet 80 per cent. of our wheat is imported, and we get about half our barley and nearly a quarter of our oats from abroad. The Report suggests the development of a scheme of controlled national marketing similar to those practised in our Dominions, but adapted to our own particular needs. The Report also stresses the need for a greater uniformity in the quality of wheat grown by the English farmer. Certainly, if this is to be marketed in bulk, a reasonable quality standard must be set up and adhered to. The most practical suggestion is a legal limit to the water content of loaves. At present the baker prefers imported wheat flour because it will take up more water and he gets more loaves to his sack of flour. English wheat bread would be better food value to the consumer, and an adoption of a water-content limit, such as is set in the United States, would benefit the community as well as the farmer.

THE TIGER AT HOME



THE TIGER STROLLS TO THE WATER.

Be ye stealthy, quiet and watchful
When ye steal through my gloomy arcades;
There are terrors asleep in my arbours,
Death lurks in my sun-patterned glades.

W. J. K. S.

THE time is late in the afternoon on a warm day in India. The scene lies in the vast forests covering the rugged sandstone foothills of the mighty Himalaya Mountains, which form the great natural northern boundary of the peninsula of India. The air is still and drowsy from the heat, and no sound is to be heard beyond the continuous droning of the never-tiring bees, whose activity is in no way curbed by the scorching rays of the sun. Above, in the intensely blue sky, can be seen a number of vultures soaring round and round above a particularly rugged belt of

forest, consisting of numerous jungle-clad ridges which separate watercourses now containing but a few small pools of water. But, even so, they are large enough to carry away the torrents which will rush down the hills on the arrival of the monsoon a few months later. Evidently something has caught the attention of the vultures, but, keen though their eyes are, even their gaze cannot penetrate through the dense cover of leaves, so they are watching the movements of the crows which inhabit the tree-tops. These crows are flitting about from tree to tree, with their eyes fixed on the ground beneath them, and at times uttering an excited high-pitched "caw, caw," which suggests the presence of a feast below. Presently one of them summons up enough courage to make a rapid descent to investigate, and, sure enough, there, hidden under a dense bush, lies the body of a sambar hind, of which the hindquarters have already been eaten.



HE SEIZES THE KILL BY WHAT IS LEFT OF THE HINDQUARTERS.

The crow, cautious by nature, gives but one glance and then immediately rises again to the safety of a branch, where he caws so loudly and delightedly that all who understand the signs of the jungle know that he has discovered meat, but is uncertain if it is yet safe to begin the feast. Other crows quickly join him, and the vultures, which have been watching all the time, begin to drop like plummets from the sky, their feet extended below them so as to make it easier for them to alight on the tops of the trees.

Both crows and vultures are, to be sure, much too wise to go straight down to the feast which they have now located. The crows know that a tiger frequents this spot, and instinct tells them that this dinner is the property of the lord of the jungle, who may be lying concealed near by, ready to make his murderous rush upon any creature daring enough to attempt to steal his hard-earned food. The tiger, however, is not present, even though it takes the wary crows until the evening to make certain of this fact; and the vultures are waiting for the crows to make the first move.

The carcass is lying on the edge of a dry watercourse, which runs, a succession of mighty boulders piled one upon another, steeply up into the hills, giving promise of small pools of cool water, so tempting to the tiger, a few hundred yards farther up the slope. A short distance above the kill is a level patch of ground, dazzlingly lit by the afternoon sun, and there, seated on a fallen tree, is a langoor, whose coal-black face and

hind, for the rutting season is near, and most of the herd are revelling in the feast of juicy simal buds which have been so callously knocked down by the monkeys. One hind is standing by herself, a little apart from the others, and is gazing with lazy curiosity to one side, chewing the while a tasty morsel which she has just picked up from the ground.

Evidently the dreaded tiger cannot be here. In actual fact he is lying, stretched at his ease, some two or three hundred yards farther up the dry torrent bed, where he has discovered a small pool of water fringed with damp sand and snugly hidden away among the boulders. Around him tower great rocks covered with green bushes, and in places, wherever it is sufficiently damp, are patches of maidenhair fern, whose delicately graceful foliage is protected from the heat of the sun by the overhanging rocks. A faint breeze stirs the bushes from time to time, and the shadows are chasing one another backwards and forwards across the beautiful striped body, which is thus thrown alternately into light and shade. The tiger has had a satisfying meal the night before and is now dozing away the hours of heat, secure from all intrusion, in his cool and picturesque retreat. Sometimes he rolls gently over in the damp sand, and then, yawning heavily, half closes his eyes as he enjoys to the full the satisfying process of digesting the meal which is the fruit of his strenuous hunting of the night before. He has placed the remainder of his dinner under some bushes, where he thinks



THE TIGER TURNS ALONG THE PATH.

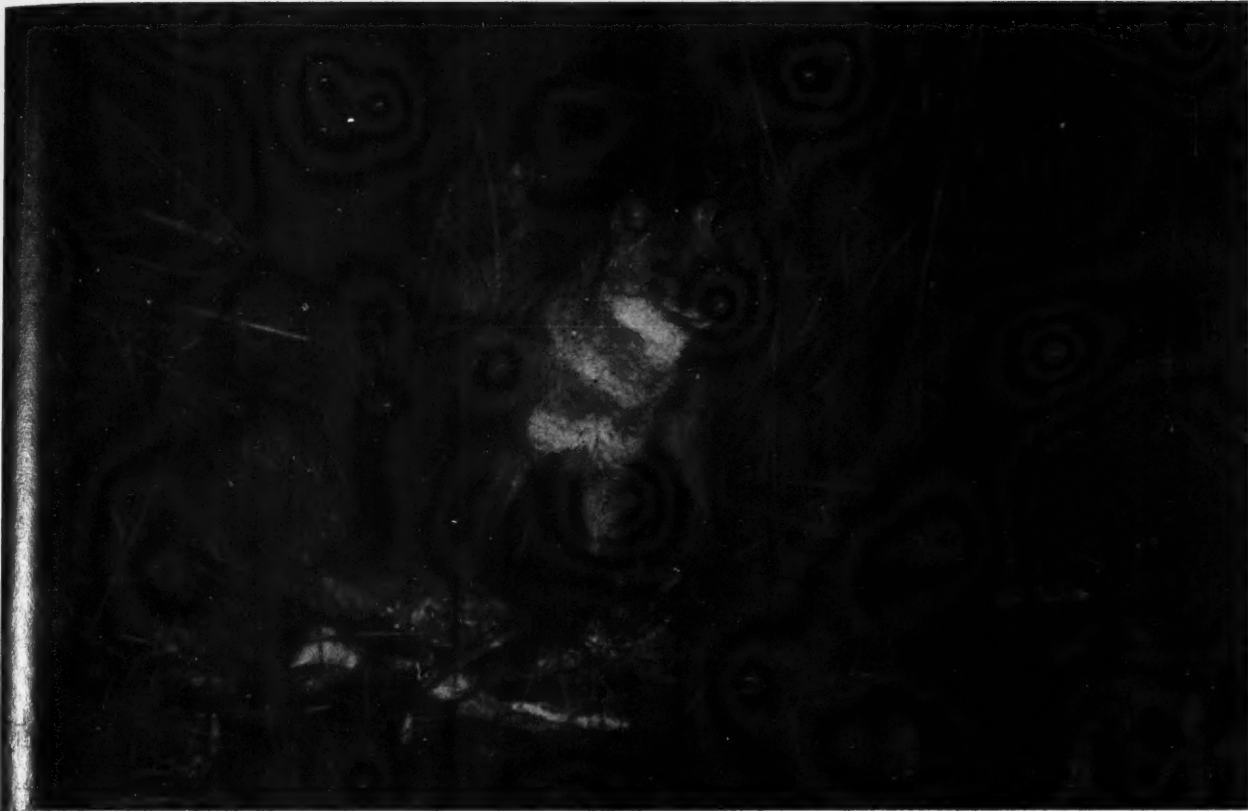
shining grey coat stand out in marked contrast to the vivid green of the surrounding jungle. The great monkey, relative of the god Hanuman, is enjoying a leisurely sun-bath while his companions in the neighbouring trees are lazily tearing off jungle fruits, taking one bite, and then casting them to the ground after the wasteful manner of their tribe. Beneath the monkeys are a number of chital—those beautiful spotted deer of India, which are considered by many to be the world's most beautiful representatives of the cervine tribe. These deer, wise in their generation, have acquired the habit of following the parties of monkeys, which knock many a succulent bud and fruit to the ground, where they are eagerly devoured by those numerous fruit-eating denizens of the jungle themselves unable to climb trees. Thus the monkeys—all unwittingly, be it admitted—provide the deer with juicy and tasty meals which would otherwise remain out of their reach. But that is not all. Monkeys are the sworn enemies of tigers and, in particular, of the stealthy leopards, which are for ever hunting the chital. Once they see a tiger or leopard, they immediately proclaim his presence to all and sundry with their harsh guttural alarm cries, and in this way they give the chital timely warning of danger—a warning which has saved the life of many a beautiful deer otherwise doomed to certain and instantaneous destruction.

But all is peace here. Two of the stags are disputing among themselves the right to make love to a particularly attractive

it is quite safe from the prying eyes of those jungle parasites which are always ready to steal his food when he is absent. But he has forgotten the troublesome crows, which, despite his precautions, have already found his prey and have proclaimed its position to the jungle world, although none as yet has dared to approach sufficiently close to start feeding.

On a plateau above, and some distance away from the recumbent tiger, a sambar stag is pushing his way through the dense grass which covers the open ground between the trees. What can he, a lover of the night and dense shade, be doing out in the open on this bright sunny afternoon? He appears nervous and unhappy, and the reason is not far to seek. The night before he separated a little from his wife as they were browsing on the luscious young leaves growing on the sides of the watercourse below, and he has been unable to find her since. Once or twice his keen nostrils have caught a whiff of the tainted scent of a tiger, and he is mortally afraid for the safety of his newly acquired wife—for he is still a young stag, whose horns have by no means reached maturity. His fears are only too well founded, for, although he does not know it yet, his wife has already gone the way of many another sambar, and it is her half-consumed carcass that the crows have discovered on the side of the watercourse.

Thus the afternoon gradually slips away until the sun begins rapidly to sink behind the jagged tree-capped horizon,



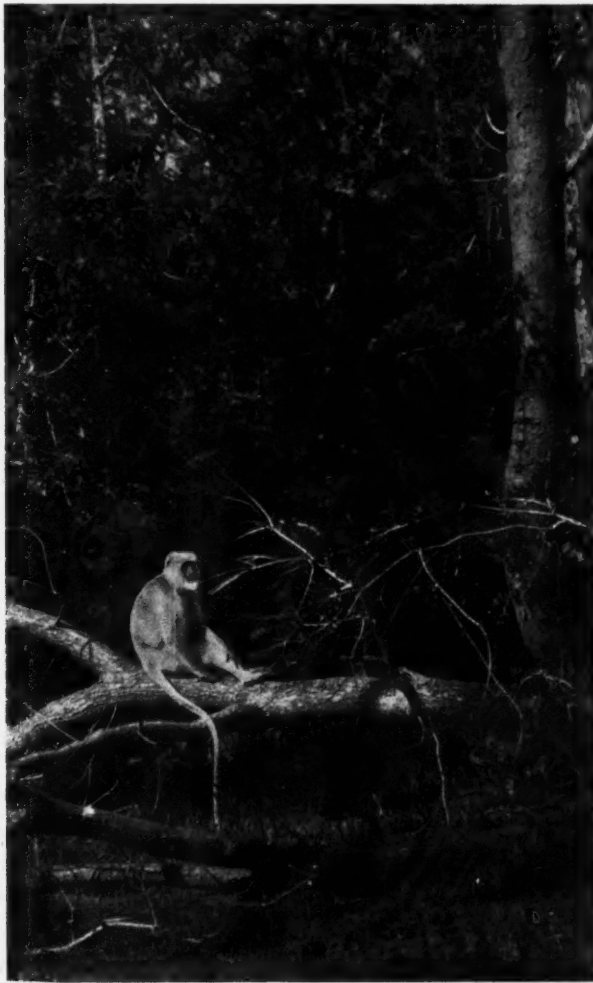
A PAIR OF JACKALS CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF STEALING.

and the approach of darkness is heralded by the nightjars, whose monotonous "tonk, tonk," reminiscent of the sound made by a stone bounding on ice, is so familiar to all who have entered these fascinating jungles. The tiger, awakened to activity by the delightful coolness of the evening, stands up,

stretches himself luxuriously, and then strolls over to the pool of water near by, where he crouches down and enjoys a deep drink before commencing the activities of the night. Indeed, he is in no hurry to-night. He still has the half-consumed sambar waiting for him, so that there is no need for him to pad



A SAMBAR PUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE GRASS.



A LANGOOR SEATED ON A FALLEN TREE.

silently along, perhaps for many miles, before he can locate an animal in a position favourable for a successful stalk. Also, he is cautious by instinct and nature, and has no intention whatever of walking straight down to his dinner. No; he has many enemies, from man downwards, and it is always as well to circle quietly round the kill so that he can first see without being seen. This he does, taking care to avoid the monkeys, which are now going to sleep in the tree-tops, apparently without any fear whatever of falling from their unstable perches during the night. Presently he comes to a jungle path, which meanders through the forest a short distance below the kill. Pausing for a moment, he turns along this path, moving with hardly a sound, as, with head held low and ears alert, he strains every nerve in his effort to detect the possible presence of his greatest enemy, man, who, fearing to meet him on equal terms, often sits perched in absolute safety high up in a tree and attempts to murder him as he returns to food which he must eat if he is to live.

All is clear until he comes to a bend in the path. He is much too wise to walk straight round this bend, so he stops and peers cautiously round the corner. Ah! What is that hurrying towards him? Why, it must be the Forest Guard, whose duty it is to look after this piece of forest. He is carrying a big bamboo stick as his only weapon, and he is hurrying home to his lonely chowki a mile away, for he has been a long round to-day and is now returning back later than he likes. The tiger knows this Forest Guard well; he has seen him many and many a time during his wanderings about his domain. He is not a man-eater, however, and instinct tells him that it is better to avoid meeting these two-legged creatures more than necessary, so he slips quietly into the jungle a few yards to one side of the path, and, crouching down, watches the Forest Guard scurrying past. The man, luckily for his peace of mind, sees nothing of the tiger, and a short time afterwards reaches his hut with a vow that he will never stay out so late again.

The tiger waits a few minutes until the sound of the Forest Guard's scuttling footsteps has died away in the distance, and then continues his cautious tour of inspection. The night-jars are now in full chorus, and it has become quite dark, for night falls very rapidly in India. The tiger has circled in all directions around his kill without discovering anything suspicious, beyond the fact that he sees a number of vultures perched in the neighbouring trees, which tells him that his seemingly well concealed dinner has been found. He knows, however, that vultures feed



"PASSING ON THE WAY A FINE WILD BOAR."

only by day, so that they can do no more harm now, and he will take care to hide what is left of his dinner even more carefully to-morrow morning.

Even now there is no hurry, as he has all the night before him to make his meal. So he sits down quietly on a ridge overlooking his kill and waits, with his attention still riveted in that direction. At last he appears satisfied that all is safe, and gets up to move towards the meal which is ready waiting for him. On approaching closer he suddenly realises that a pair of jackals are there, gazing at him with frightened eyes as they are caught in the very act of stealing food which is not theirs by right. For a moment he contemplates making a rush so as to teach these impudent jungle thieves a lesson. But, after all, is he not a tiger, king of the jungle, who scorns to waste his giant strength on such contemptible creatures. Instead, he gives one fierce "whoof!" and the jackals, shaking with fear, are gone in a flash, thankful to have escaped with their lives.

The tiger, totally ignoring the cries of the jackals, now strides up to his kill and, seizing it by what is left of the hind-quarters, pulls it out into a more comfortable position. Then, settling down, he proceeds to devour what is left, disturbing the peace of the jungle night by the intermittent sounds of crunching bones and tearing flesh. At intervals he gets up and strolls around, his progress being indicated by occasional shrieks of alarm from neighbouring kakar and sambar as they catch a fleeting glimpse of Death passing by. Thus the jungle night, so full of the throbbing life which is still by day, passes imperceptibly away, until the raucous cries of the awakening peafowl warn the tiger that the dawn is approaching. It is now time to be moving, and there is so little left of the kill that he decides to abandon it to the vultures and crows.

Now fully replete, he rises from the kill and strides over to the base of a fine simal tree, which stands, decked with its gorgeous crimson blossoms, at the foot of a steep slope near by. On reaching the tree he stands up on his hind legs and cleans the claws of his fore feet by dragging them several times down the smooth light grey trunk, thus scoring the bark with a number of vertical scratches, which will remain as a hall-mark of his presence here for many a long day afterwards. Then he walks slowly on up the dry watercourse to his previous drinking and resting place, and soon he is lying once more in his secluded retreat, where he will remain until the shades of approaching night warn him that he has no longer a store of food in hand and that he must set out once more on the hunting which is his chief business in life.

F. W. CHAMPION.



"ONE HIND GAZES WITH LAZY 'CURIOSITY' TO 'ONE' SIDE."

PRESENT-DAY VANDALISM



YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

IN the spacious days of Queen Victoria the neighbourhood pictured in the accompanying illustrations was, undoubtedly, the most beautiful village round London. The devastation which has taken place and is still in progress in this district is only a sample of what is going on throughout the country, and these prints are offered for consideration in the hope that they may assist the already strong agitation for the preservation of some beauty before all is swallowed up in commercial ugliness.

Fig. 1 shows a shady path beside a streamlet, which might have served for the scene immortalised in Gray's *Elegy*; while Fig. 2 represents the same scene to-day. The mighty trees have been felled, the stream conducted away by a sewer, and the brick and stucco-covered abortions which are known as modern dwelling-houses have usurped the scene.

Simply turning the camera round, the lane was photographed, yielding illustration No. 4; while No. 5 again shows the present condition of the same road. As in the case of Figs. 1 and 2,

these views of the lane show devastation, which is supposed to be necessary in order to provide dwelling-houses.

The foregoing illustrations are not simply random records of irreparable devastation; they are shown for a purpose. In Fig. 3 is seen a road, situated a mile distant and under the control of a more enlightened authority. The fine avenue has been preserved in its entirety; a footway has been laid out on either side and beyond the trees, while the dwelling-houses lie back behind the footpaths. These dwellings are no larger or more costly than those appearing in the other views; it is just the simple difference between imaginative and sordid town-planning. The whole of the beauties of scenes 1 and 4 could have been saved in like manner. No question of building lines arose in any one of the cases, as the devastation was imposed upon a countryside consisting only of fields.

About a mile from the earlier scenes, but under the same authority is a charming lane. Next spring three thousand "modern dwelling-houses" are to be built in the



THEY GROW IN BEAUTY SIDE BY SIDE.



TWENTY YEARS ON.

fields around this lane, which might be preserved in the same manner as the avenue of Fig. 11; but is there any power in the land which can compel the local authority to show any consideration for what is not strictly utilitarian in the narrowest application of the word?

The same district contains another remarkable piece of folly in town-planning. About the middle of last century a magnificent avenue of lime trees, half a mile in length, was planted. With a prophetic instinct, the planters foresaw the coming of the motor, and laid the line of the trees close against the garden railings. Thus for the whole distance the entire footway can be seen by day or night, ensuring the greatest measure of safety possible to motorists and pedestrians alike. A view, taken near the commencement of a continuation of the avenue which has been laid out during the last few years, shows the trees planted upon the edge of the kerb. By day, motorists and pedestrians cannot see one another until

nearly abreast; while, at night, the foliage of the trees converts the footway and margins of the roadway into tunnels of impenetrable blackness, relieved only by a small patch of light immediately around each lamp-post. This planting of trees and lamp-posts all in line upon the edge of the footway is a course which has been adopted in recent years throughout the district. It is no uncommon sight to observe persons striking matches to read the names upon gates within a few yards of an electric lamp standard.

The damage done is irreparable until the day when nature shall again claim sway over this ugly civilisation, which, on account of its ugliness, must necessarily be evanescent. But some beauty still remains in the district, though old residents calculate that the next two years will see the last of this wiped out. But, for the sake of all that is attractive in life, cannot some higher authority intervene to stay this wanton and senseless devastation?

A. E. BAWTREE.

XVIII CENTURY CHESTS OF DRAWERS

WHILE, in the text of Hepplewhite's *Guide* (1788), it is maintained that chests of drawers "admit of little variation or ornament," this is only true of the plain mahogany chests of drawers, which continued to be made during the second half of the eighteenth and into the nineteenth century, with minor variations in the plinth and handles. The low chest of drawers based upon the French commode, and often termed "a commode chest of drawers," was usually serpentine on front and sides, the bottom outline shaped and carved, and the supports also enriched and finishing on short scroll-footed cabriole legs. The brass ball handles fitted to the drawers were also in the French taste, and show rococo influence in the plates to which the handle is attached, even when the handle itself is plainly treated.

The only elaborate design for a chest of drawers in the *Guide* is for a serpentine-fronted piece fitted with four drawers, each inlaid or painted with a design of foliate scrolls or festoons of leaves repeated on each side of the escutcheon. These are described in the text as "ornamented with inlaid or painted work, which is applied with great beauty and elegance to this piece of furniture, . . . some made of Satinwood with the ornament of suitable colours," the text adds, "have produced a most pleasing and agreeable effect." An example of painted decoration is the chest of drawers from Woodhall Park, where the drawer section, forming an advanced centre, is flanked by cupboards, which, with



1.—PAINTED CHEST OF DRAWERS WITH CUPBOARDS AT THE SIDES. From Woodhall Park. Circa 1785. Height 2ft. 8½ins., length 5ft. 1in.

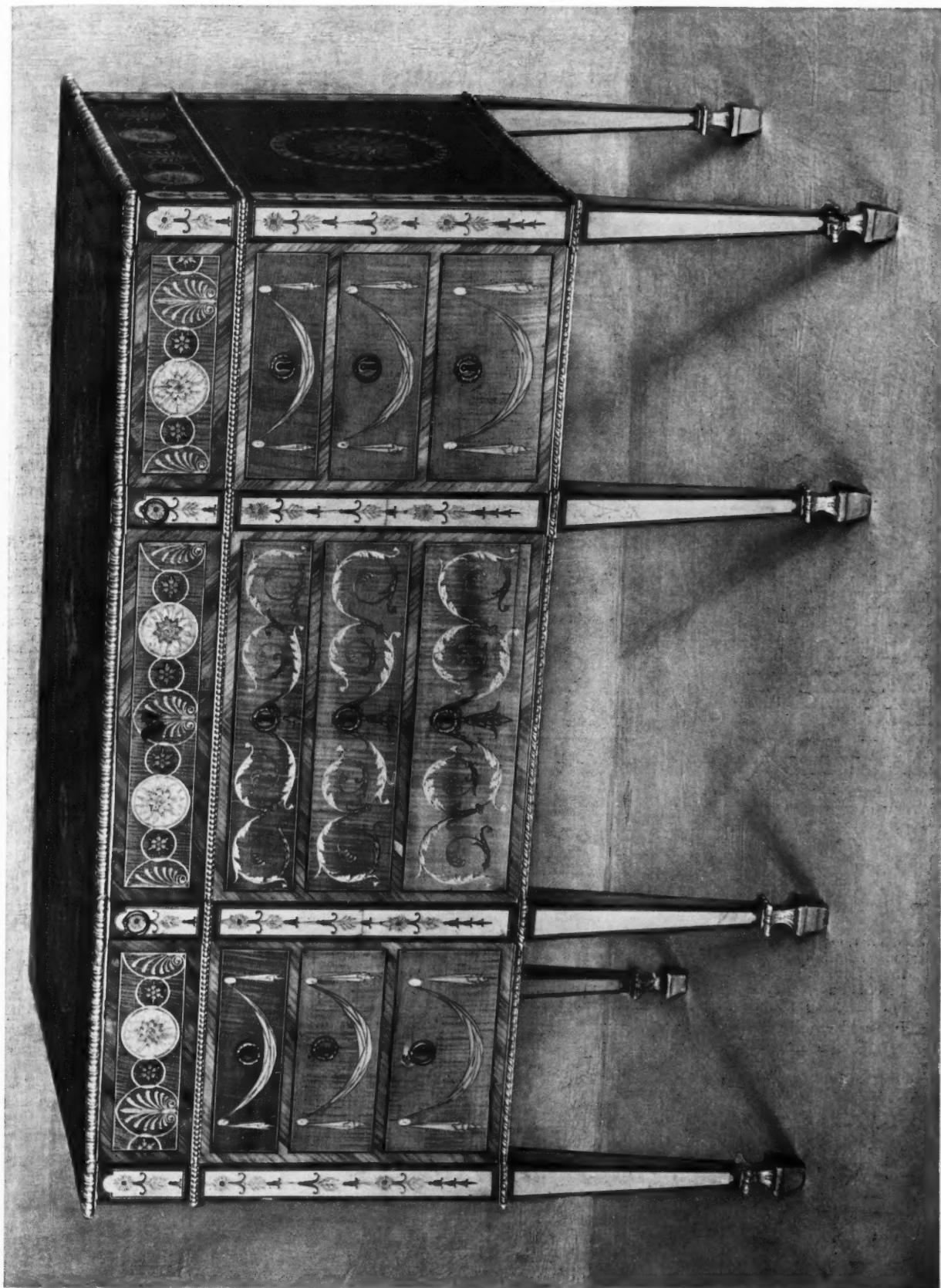
the frieze and top, are painted (Fig. 1). A chest of drawers from Burley-on-the-Hill (Fig. 2), which, like that from Woodhall Park, is raised from the ground by short spirally turned feet, has the top-most drawer carved with classic paterae and festoons, while the corners are faced with tapered colonettes in the manner of the late years of the century.

The chest of drawers on a stand from Syon House, which is illustrated in the coloured plate, is, with its delicate classical inlay and the contrast of its hardwood and satinwood veneers with the gilt mouldings, as decorative as the contemporary commodes upon which the eighteenth century cabinetmakers expended their art. The front is divided into three sections by narrow inlaid satinwood pilaster panels, and the design of the lateral sections, which are inlaid with a swag of drapery, contrasts with the centre, which is inlaid with foliate scrolls springing from the escutcheon. The drawers are veneered with softly toned hardwood and cross-banded with tulipwood. The narrow gilt mouldings to the top and below the frieze, and the reversed gadrooning beneath the piece, afford a relief to the tones of the wood. The drawers are opened by small ring handles attached above the keyhole. The piece dates from about 1775, and was probably designed by Robert Adam after the first Duke of Northumberland's building and decorating period, when, as Horace Walpole writes, "Adam has displayed great taste." It may have been made towards the close of his life by Chippendale, whose *Director* (1754) is dedicated to the first Duke (then Earl) of Northumberland.

M. J.



2.—MAHOGANY CHEST OF DRAWERS. From Burley-on-the-Hill, Rutland. Circa 1785.



INLAID CHEST OF DRAWERS, VENEERED WITH SATINWOOD AND HAREWOOD. *Circa* 1775. FROM SYON HOUSE.
Height 2ft. 9ins., length 4ft.

AN IMPRESSION OF CRUFT'S SHOW



DR. H. R. FISHER'S IRISH WOLFHOUND, LINDLEY SINNER.



THE MISSES LOUGHREY'S DEERHOUND, CH. MIMIC OF ROSS.

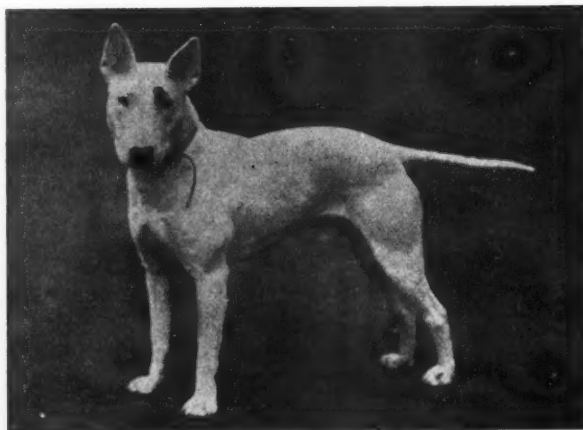
WERE my years sufficient to enable me to carry my mind back to a dog show that took place in the Royal Agricultural Hall in 1865, I have no doubt that I should be trying to institute comparisons between that and Mr. Cruft's, which came to a triumphant conclusion on Thursday of last week. Considering that shows had not been running for more than six years, that early effort must have had points of interest, and it certainly was not too bad. Mr. Cruft has lent me an old illustrated paper, now defunct, in which sketches of some of the exhibits are printed. That several of the breeds are scarcely recognisable must not be attributed entirely to the shortcomings of the artist, who has depicted fairly well foxhounds, harriers and a poodle. A mastiff that has broken loose from his bench is a fearsome-looking creature, bearing no resemblance to his descendants that made such a brave display last week. No modern terriers would acknowledge any of those in the picture as possible ancestors.

The article describing the exhibition is too vague to be classed among historical documents of value. The statement that there was a congregation of between 1,000 and 2,000 dogs present does not help us much in estimating the actual number; but, at any rate, we learn that the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, had sent bloodhounds, greyhounds, deerhounds, mastiffs, and a brace of kangaroo hounds from Australia. Since that date the improvement that has taken place is remarkable, and the

number of breeds has about trebled. The possibilities are not yet exhausted, some entirely new dogs having been entered for the first time last week. The Afghan spaniels belonging to the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison are pleasing little pets, white and red in colour, long-coated, short-legged, and somewhat remind one of the more familiar Tibetan spaniels. Mrs. McLaren Morrison, who has a habit of discovering these uncommon Asiatic breeds, was principally responsible for introducing

Lhasa terriers, two classes for which were filled by her and Mrs. A. R. Greig. Then we had a brace of Ivicenes, shown by Mr. and Mrs. J. Charpy, the native home of which is the Balearic Isles. You may imagine, according to your predilections, that they are offshoots either of the English greyhound or the Saluki, but at present they have the merits of neither. Their erect or semi-erect ears are peculiarities that require some explanation. America's popular dog, manufactured in the United States, was represented by Mrs. McCormick Goodhart's Boston terrier, a 'cute little fellow who has pleasing manners. The Australian terriers are not unlike big Yorkshire terriers.

Cruft's was a most impressive show of gun-dogs and terriers, but most of the other breeds were also so strong that the large hall, galleries and Gilbey Hall included, were crowded to repletion, and seldom has a more entertaining feast of good things been brought together for the delight of dog-lovers. There was evidence to show that the biggest breeds are once more receiving the serious attention of exhibitors. Mastiffs



MR. R. W. COATES' BULL TERRIER, CLASSICAL COTTON.



MR. H. COOK'S MASTIFF, CLEVELAND PREMIER.



THE HON. G. HAMILTON-SMITH'S BLOODHOUND, FAITHFUL OF SEFTON.

have improved very much in the last three or four years, and Cleveland Premier, the property of Mr. H. Cook, had to be an uncommonly good one to wrest the dog challenge certificate from Mrs. Oliver's Joseph of Hellingly. The certificate for the other sex was won by another excellent specimen in Mr. E. R. J. Walmsley's Lady Barbara of Hardingham. The huge Irish wolfhounds were there in great force, the principal awards going to Dr. H. R. Fisher's Lindley Sinner and Mrs. Knox's Ch. Lady of Raikeshill. My old friends the bloodhounds did not answer expectations so far as numbers were concerned, though no one can complain of the quality of the certificate winners, the Hon. F. Hamilton Smith's Faithful of Sefton and Mrs. Edmunds' Leburn Boadicea. In this season, however, Great Danes continue to do the best, and it is satisfactory to know that they are sounder, shorter in the backs, and altogether smarter than was the case five or six years ago. Mr. Gordon Stewart and Mr. J. V. Rank divided the principal honours through Fedor of Send and Ch. Vivien of Ouborough.

If one could be surprised at anything done by Mr. Cruft, it would be at his success in attracting such an enormous entry of greyhounds, in which running dogs, coursers, and the ordinary show greyhound competed together. Mr. A. Peace's challenge certificate dog Laitoson of Devoir obviously has Greyhound Stud Book blood on one side, if not both, his sire being Latto. The recipient of the other certificate, Mr. W. J. Berriman's Gipsy Girl, is a fine example of the ability of the Cornishman to breed for looks. The display of gun-dogs must have delighted the keen critics who were present from every part of the kingdom. Cocker spaniels alone were responsible for an entry of nearly 700, and that Miss W. H. Scott's Vivary Crusader and Mrs. R. Fytche's Fulmer Peggy's Pride could have come to the top in the welter is a high testimony to their supreme quality. English springers, too, built on lines that make them of great use to the shooting man, could not well have been improved. One certificate went to Mr. F. Warner Hill's Beauchief Buchanan, and the other to the Maharaja of Patiala's Ch. Inveresk Carminetta. The runner-up to the latter, the Hon. G. Scott's Ch. Laverstoke Pepper, is also a field trialler.

Sussex spaniels, which are peculiarly suitable for a certain class of work, are gradually strengthening their position in the showing. Miss J. R. Scholefield's Ch. The Sagamore of Fourclovers, illustrated here, is a typical specimen, and a similar remark is applicable to Mrs. C. Youell's Earlswood Sheila, the principal bitch. Those very handsome dogs, the clumbers, never fail to attract attention. The one shown on these pages—Mr. L. B. Hedley's Witley Acting Major—received



MRS. R. FYTCHE'S COCKER, FULMER PEGGY'S PRIDE.



MR. F. WARNER HILL'S ENGLISH SPRINGER, BEAUCHIEF BUCHANAN.

MISS J. R. SCHOLEFIELD'S SUSSEX SPANIEL, CH. THE SAGAMORE OF FOURCLOVERS.
Has earned the field qualification also.

MR. L. B. HEDLEY'S CLUMBER, WITLEY ACTING MAJOR.

the dog certificate, that for bitches going to Mrs. Cape's Carnforth Hetty. Labradors, golden retrievers and Irish setters formed a solid block in which we had ample evidence that show points and practical conformation are not antagonistic. The Labrador challenge certificates were given by Mr. R. Heaton to Mrs. E. J. Heywood's Simon Called Peter, and Mr. T. H. Moorby's Ch. Tansy of Whitmore. Mr. R. Lawrence Kirk's Michael of Moreton and Mrs. K. Evers-Swindell's Speedwell Emerald received like honours from the Hon. Mrs. Grigg in golden retrievers; and the most successful Irish setters, judged by Dr. Lyburn, were Mr. J. A. Carbery's Sarsfield of Boyne and Mrs. Ingle-Bepler's Rheola Bryndona. The Rev. E. N. Needham-Davies had some useful classes of the flat-coats, where the most conspicuous were Mr. H. R. Cooke's Ch. Dancer of Riverside and Mr. T. Gowing's Dauntless of Sissinghurst.

Another example of a combination of show and working attributes is Mr. W. F. Holmes' elkhound, Ch. Finnegutten. Considering how graceful and pleasing they are in every way, it is a pity that deerhounds do not find more adherents. The Misses M. F. and H. M. Loughrey, although they live in Londonderry, brought their two champions, Padraic of Ross and Mimic of Ross, and were rewarded for their pains with both the certificates. The other illustrations speak for themselves, but I may explain that the originals were all winners of challenge certificates. Mr. O. C. Harriman's wire-haired fox-terrier, Ch. Wycollar Wonder, is a beautiful little stylist, perfect on legs and feet, and moves in a manner that would be impossible if he were not correctly constructed. Captain S. R. Vernon's smooth, Verno, is the outcome of three home-bred generations. He has bone and substance in a reasonable compass, and his head is beautifully modelled.

The sight of several thousands of dogs of varying degrees of perfection makes a veritable feast for the devout cynophilist, who may well be proud of the advances that have been made, not only since the Show of 1865 mentioned above, but also in the course of the present century. People occasionally try to trap me into an admission that breeds are either being ruined or are deteriorating under the baneful influence of a craze for producing useless points at the expense of others that are more serviceable. My conviction is that far less of this sort of thing is going on now than prevailed before 1914, a date that marks the close of an epoch in the kennel world. The tendency of most modern breeders and judges is to attach more value to soundness and correct structural formation; to insist that show specimens of working breeds shall at least look as if they were capable of following their avocation, whatever it may be. Shows,



MR. O. C. HARRIMAN'S WIRE-HAIRED FOX
TERRIER, CH. WYCOLLAR WONDER.



THE HON. MRS. MCLAREN MORRISON'S LHASA
TERRIER, TASHI.



MR. J. K. T. GLEN'S KERRY BLUE,
GLENOWAN BLUE BUCKLE.

of course, cannot test for nose or braininess. To some extent, at least, we can ascertain if a dog has the sort of temperament that would fit him for doing his job smartly, though I admit that appearances may be deceptive. A terrier that does not get his tail up in the ring should not necessarily be stigmatised as niddering, for he may be a desperate character in more natural surroundings, but judges are right in penalising such demeanour. It may be indicative of a faint heart, which is a deadly sin.

No doubt, it is impossible to prevent exaggeration creeping in at times, though sensible persons usually have balance and symmetry as their principal objectives. I think, too, that more stress is being laid upon condition than used to be the case. Most exhibitors delight in putting their dogs down firm and muscular, with the addition of that little bit of extra bloom



IVICENES FROM THE BALEARIC ISLES.

that is, surely, permissible on a show animal. I was particularly pleased, for example, with the hardness and beauty of the Salukis entered by Mrs. Lance, Mrs. Crouch and Miss Duxford, all of whom know how to show a dog at his best. Moreover, the leading Salukis had the type and character as well, and we view with commendation the efforts that are being made to keep alive their sporting instincts by means of coursing meetings.

While it may be true that a few breeds have deteriorated, I think one may assert without fear of refutation that the majority have improved, and it may also be said that in those that most felt the mischievous influences of the war breeders are showing a disposition to obliterate the defects. This movement is particularly apparent among the bigger breeds, which were the worst offenders.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

AT THE THEATRE

AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS

IN 1919 the late Basil Macdonald Hastings made what seemed to me to be an admirable stage-version of Conrad's *Victory*. It is always said that this play failed because the war was still too near us to permit of stage-slaughter; but I am inclined to think that it would always have failed, and for three reasons: First, because it was too good a play; second, because it was too terrifying; and third, because the characters were too authentically flotsam and jetsam of the South Seas. If there were any birds of paradise in this play, their plumage was singularly soiled. But the British public is not addicted to realism. It will not have realism in plays about home, and I can conceive no reason why it should suddenly take to starkness in the drama which happens abroad. In its view, the South Seas have ever been, and must ever remain, a bubble in which charming ladies dressed for the Equator and toying with parasol step from the polished decks of liners to find their sweethearts reclining upon bosoms a little dusky, perhaps, but otherwise as neat and tidy as though their owners were fashion-plates in some Polynesian shilling weekly. In the islands everything will be kempt except the locks of their momentarily faithless lovers who, in the traffic of a single but third act, will pass from soiled garments and delirium tremens to the purity of white ducks and the resumption of their alleged tremendous delirium for parasol-bearing ladies. "Always Afternoon" at the Lyric Theatre—the title is from *The Lotos-Eaters*—kept strictly to the tradition. We knew the scene was the South Seas because in one corner of

the stage, propt on bed of amaranth and doubtless reeking of moly—which, whether Tennyson knew it or not, is a kind of garlic—was a brown, naked and vaguely Polynesian savage. In the middle of the stage, decorously if uncertainly gabbed, fluttered winsomely Miss Rosalinde Fuller. Miss Fuller does this sort of thing engagingly well, and if we must have children of nature caressing the turn-ups in the trousers of Eton and Oxford braves, one would rather Miss Fuller did it than anybody. She has only to make a composite picture of her South Pacific Yum-Yum and the austerer lady in "The Unknown Warrior" to give us the perfect Ayacanora if and when *Westward Ho!* comes to be staged. There was also a storekeeper. This seemed to me to be the only real character in the play, though that we were reminded of the novels of Louis Beck was probably due to the brilliant acting of Mr. George Carr. There was also the little lady of the parasol to whom Miss Adrienne Allen lent a dimpled fetchingness as English as Margate's wave. On this occasion the embodiment of English fragrance brought with her the healthy oarsman, century-maker, rugger-blue or what not, who was to be knocked so much of a heap by the South Sea enchantress that in a single night he grew a week's beard. In this rôle Mr. Patrick Susands was chubby and rollicking, and through sin, or the contemplation of it, put on an enchanting melancholy. One insists upon the contemplation; for Yum-Yum, after giving out that she could not be naughty herself, indicated the existence of her sister, Pitti-Sing, who in an adjoining room was prepared to enact the rôle of Monna

Vanna without the cloak. The door of the room being opened, a flood of pinkish light seared our consciousness and apprehension. Fortunately, the young man had no sooner crossed the threshold than the dainty lump of fragrance put in an appearance which could be deemed either redemptive or forestalling. But the play had another and major hero, no less a personage than the young man's father, who, twenty years ago, had run amok, or whatever it is that Surbiton stockbrokers do when they relinquish stockbroking for the Sandwich Islands. Now, it was to be supposed that Daniel Everett made one of those lotos-eaters whom the poet pictured in soliloquy:

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.

Daniel's looks were strange enough, and it was not his fault that he was not to live out his life in heavenly piggery. It was his son who, tired of inheriting, must go globe-trotting, and thus came like a ghost to trouble his father's joy. So the old man threw himself over a cliff, and that was the end of a particularly silly play. Mr. Malcolm Keen played Daniel, but not being surrounded by any responsible drama he was as ineffective as his namesake would have been not surrounded by any lions.

I intended to write but a few lines concerning these South Sea phantasmagoria, only to find that my pen has run away with me as the Polynesian atmosphere runs away with the

morals of homekeeping Englishers. I find, therefore, that I have left myself little space in which to deal with Mr. Somerset Maugham's new piece at the Playhouse. "The Sacred Flame" was a failure in America, whereby it was confidently to be hoped that it might be a success here. The reason is not far to seek. This play happens to be about a mother. The mother has a crippled son, whose beautiful wife has fallen in love with her husband's brother, by whom she is with child. A flying accident has left the husband less than a man, and all that he has now in life to cling to is his wife's affection. Knowing that revelation of the true state of affairs will destroy her son's last vestiges of happiness, the mother gives him an overdose of chloral. Now, I ask readers of COUNTRY LIFE whether a nation which is addicted to Mr. Al Jolson and his songs about Sonny Boy and Mammy is going to put up with a mother who is also a murderess. I have no doubt that if Mr. Maugham had shown the mother leaving her son to bear his fate and taking the chloral herself to avoid witnessing his agony, the entire American nation would have fallen upon the bosom of a, to them, heroic Momma. However, what America does or does not like is not our concern. The point is that all non-Americans must recognise in this play an extraordinarily fine piece of work. Miss Gladys Cooper gives a good performance, and so does Miss Mary Jerrold. The play also contains the American actress, Miss Clare Eames, whose part is that of a nurse who cherishes an idealistic passion for her patient. I will only say this about Miss Eames, that she completely wipes out recollection of anything that any English actress has achieved in the tragic line since the days of Janet Achurch.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE MYSTERY OF RHYTHM

By BERNARD DARWIN.

I WAS interested a few days ago in reading in a Californian golfing magazine a remark about Cotton's "hurried" back swing. Cotton, as is well known, has gone out to California on a kind of self-educating crusade, and he has been playing quite well there. The writer in the magazine had a high opinion of him, but still he called his swing "hurried," and that surprised me. It certainly is rather quick, and it is rather short, but there has never seemed to be any undue haste about it. So the use of such an epithet only shows what tremendous importance the Americans attach to smoothness and leisureliness and rhythm in the swing. No doubt they are quite right, too, and some of our players look terribly "snatchy" beside theirs.

Of all golfing attributes rhythm is, perhaps, the most bitterly to be envied and desired. It is certainly one of the hardest to define. I remember, on one occasion, hearing my friend J. H. Taylor trying to define "timing." He scratched his head, he shook it vigorously, he grew partially apoplectic, and in the end he gave it up. "Rhythm" would probably have killed him outright, and yet we all know rhythm when we see it in somebody else's swing, and there are even days when we are conscious of having got just a suspicion of it in our own. It is more easily recognisable in the swings of some golfers than others, quite apart from the merits of their respective performances. There are just a few who give the feeling of a silkier smoothness than do all the rest. I should say, for instance, that Harry Vardon is more palpably rhythmic than the other two members of the triumvirate, and, similarly, that Mr. Tolley has something more of it—whatever it may be—than have Mr. Wethered and Sir Ernest Holderness. Mr. Bobby Jones has probably got more than anybody else in the world, if we count Mr. John Ball as retired. Incidentally, a good young player who, to my eyes, is richly dowered in this respect is Mr. Stuart Bradshaw, the Oxford captain. These, however, are merely personal impressions, and I dare say somebody else's impressions would be diametrically opposed to them.

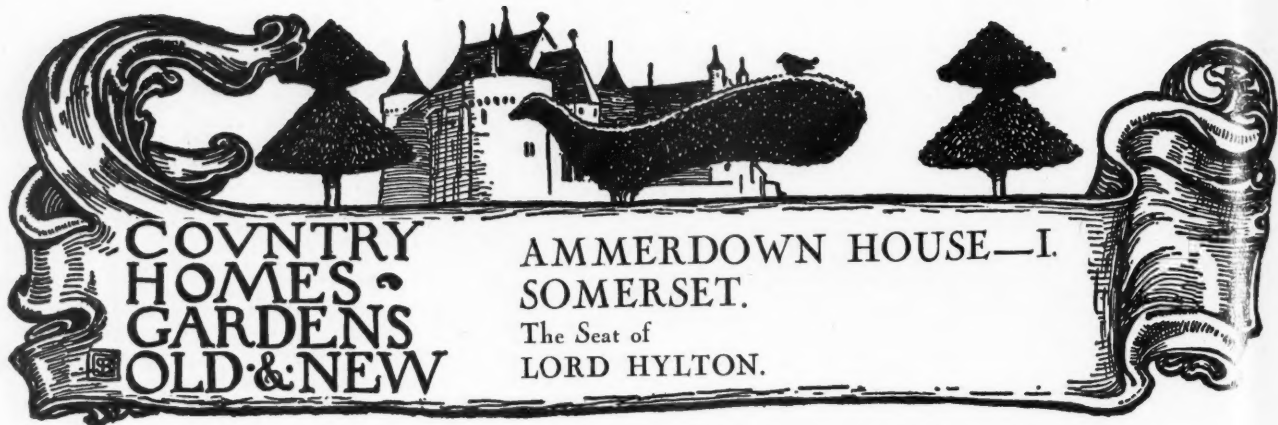
If, in order to save myself from being beheaded, I were forced to define this rhythm, I should do it in an exceedingly ungrammatical and illiterate manner. I should say that the most rhythmical swingers looked as if they were doing everything at exactly the same time. Does that convey any meaning whatever? If it does not, I must elaborate it a little. In a truly rhythmic swing, foot, knee, shoulder, hands, club head—all seem to start away together on their respective journeys and remain thus harmoniously together throughout. I am perfectly aware that learned people say that the hands start the swing while the club head is still at rest, that the left heel does not come off the ground until the pivot compels it to do so, and so on. I am sure they are quite right; but I am also sure that in the cases of a few rare geniuses all these things *seem* to be perfectly and beautifully synchronised. If that definition were not accepted, then I should fall back on that

given of the unities by the theatrical gentleman in *Nicholas Nickleby* who bought tickets for Miss Snelicci's bespeak—"a completeness—a kind of universal dove-tailedness with regard to place and time—a sort of general oneness if I may be allowed to use so strong an expression."

Can this beautiful and mysterious thing be cultivated by those who have not got it? To some extent, no doubt, it can, but not, as I suspect, by thinking about rhythm so much as by thinking about the most prosaic, orthodox and valuable of virtues—"slow back," "head still" and, above all others, "don't press." I think it was Mr. Tolley who suggested in his book that something might be done by taking to a springier club. It will certainly emphasise to the player by incontrovertible evidence his lack of rhythm, and it may give him what Mr. Croome calls "the sentiment of the right idea." There are also musical methods, such as that—it is an old story now—of swinging to the tune of "Happy birds that sing and fly." Personally, I have never found the right tune, and yet I am not wholly incredulous, because I have become decidedly less unskilful in the stropping of a razor since I did it to music. The particular tune I chose was an old one that the late Mr. Alfred Lester used to sing: it was all about ginger-beer and has an engaging chorus beginning "Pop, pop, poppety pop." Why it had so magical an effect I cannot surmise, unless it be that there is some resemblance in sound between "pop" and "strop." Whatever the virtue in it may be, it has no application to golf. Carol away at it as blithely as I may, my swing remains full of kinks and spasms.

I wish, by the way, that there was compensation of a particular kind for us poor un-rhythmic ones. It used to be said of Mr. Bobby Jones that his style was so beautifully smooth that the mere sight of it inspired his adversaries in the Championship to play as they had never played before. Incidentally, we do not hear so much about it nowadays, when he makes a regular practice of beating people by 13 up and 12 to play. However, assuming that the belief was originally true, why should not the converse be true also? Why cannot I, by snatching the club back, jumping, and ducking horribly, beginning the down swing before the up swing is completed, and in other ways disgracing myself—why, I say, cannot I corrupt my adversary, who is naturally a beautiful swinger, and bring him down to my level? It would be a considerable consolation, but, somehow, the plan does not seem successful.

I began by saying that I could not define rhythm, nor can I; but I can say what it is not. Whatever else it may be, it does not consist in a gentle swaying movement to and fro. Yet, if people try too consciously to be rhythmic, it is to this see-sawing movement that they soon come. At least, I think so, and I know that what happens to me—two or three lovely shots and then a rocking of the body and a crumpling of the knees, and the last state of me is ever so much worse than the first.



Designed by James Wyatt in 1788. An interesting series of bills throws light on the craftsmen employed, including John Linnell the furniture maker.

THE house, park and estate of Ammerdown were formed by Thomas Samuel Jolliffe among the sheepwalks between Radstock and Frome, some of which he had acquired by his marriage in 1778 with Miss Twyford, daughter of the local squarson. He was a second son in a family that had been steadily improving its position in the world since the days of Charles I. At that time Thomas Jolliffe, son of a textile merchant of Leek in Staffordshire, married the heiress of Cofton in Worcestershire, and is said to have entertained

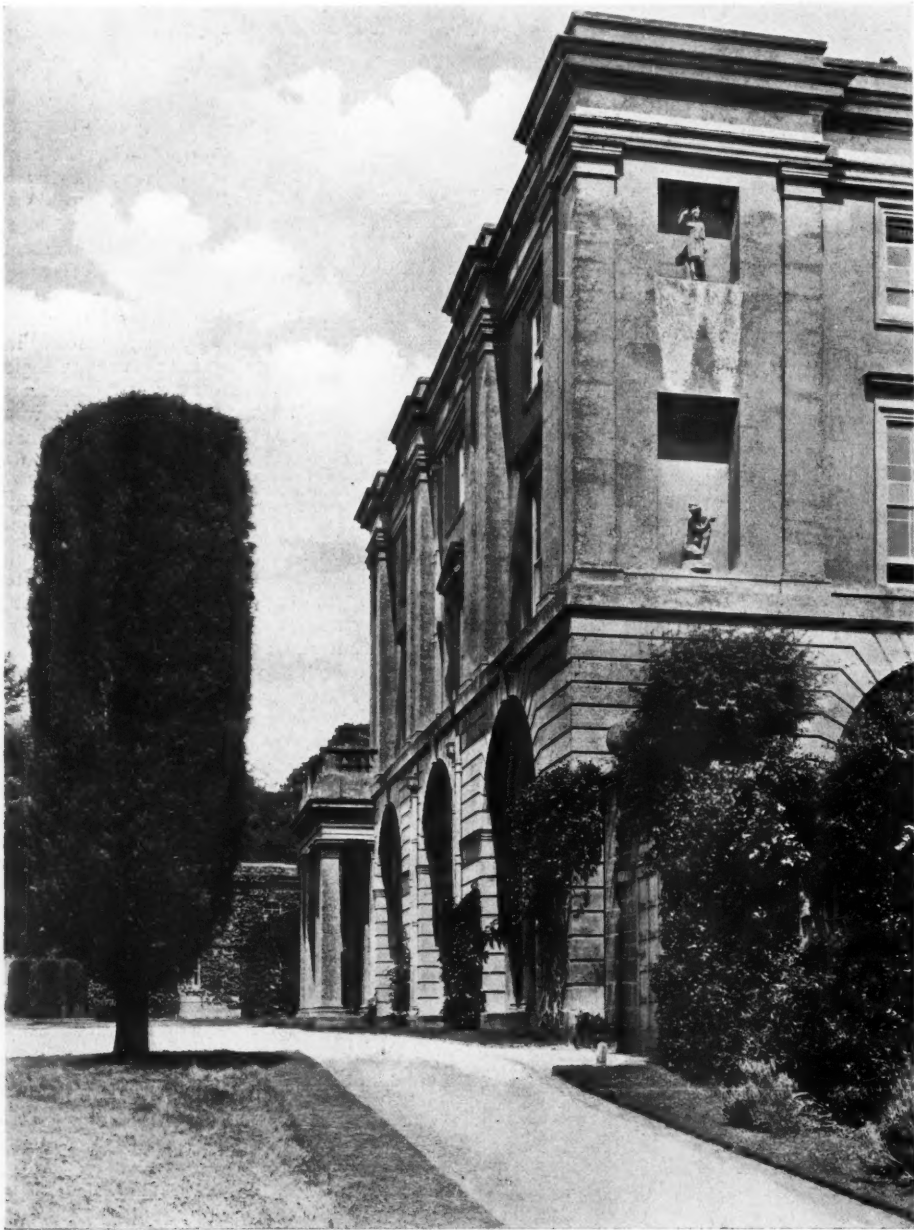
Charles II there at the time of Worcester fight. Certainly, in his picture he looks very pleased with himself. Of his immediate connections, the most successful was the bachelor, Sir William (1665-1750), who became a Governor of the Bank of England and was a patron of James Seymour, the horse painter. On his death part of his considerable property went to his nephews, great-grandsons of the original Thomas, and sons of John Jolliffe, M.P. for Petersfield, whose picture at Ammerdown is by Van Loo. William, the elder of his sons, lived at Merstham and

married the heiress of Sir Richard Hylton of Cumberland, who had a claim on the dormant peerage of Hylton. She was twice painted by Romney (Figs. 12 and 13), on the first occasion wearing a green wrap and stimulating the painter to make an unusually good picture. It was from this elder line that the present Lord Hylton, for whose grandfather the peerage was re-created in 1866, is descended.

Such, then, is the background to Thomas Samuel of Ammerdown, against which he stands out in the warm, though sober, colours of a Member of Parliament and £5,000 a year. After his death, in 1824, when he had already become something of a legendary character, his remaining sons (one had been killed at Waterloo) inscribed an epitaph that rings true for all its heroics. Goldsmith himself would not have altogether scorned some of the lines:

A graceful mien, an elegant address,
Looks which at once each winning
charm express;
A wit that no licentious coarseness
knows,
The sense that unassuming candour
shows;
Knowledge of various life of
learning too,
Thence taste, thence truth, which
will from taste ensue;
Reason by narrow principles un-
check'd,

Slave to no party, bigot to no sect.
An old pensioner who treasured
the youthful recollection of
having twice been deservedly
thrashed by Thomas, described
him as "a keen old man,"
an impression confirmed by
Lawrence's portrait of him
over the dining-room chimney-
piece. Gainsborough, who
painted him at Bath, cast a
mantle of mist over him as a
young man, but not very con-
vincingly. His wife, the parson's
daughter, Miss Twyford of



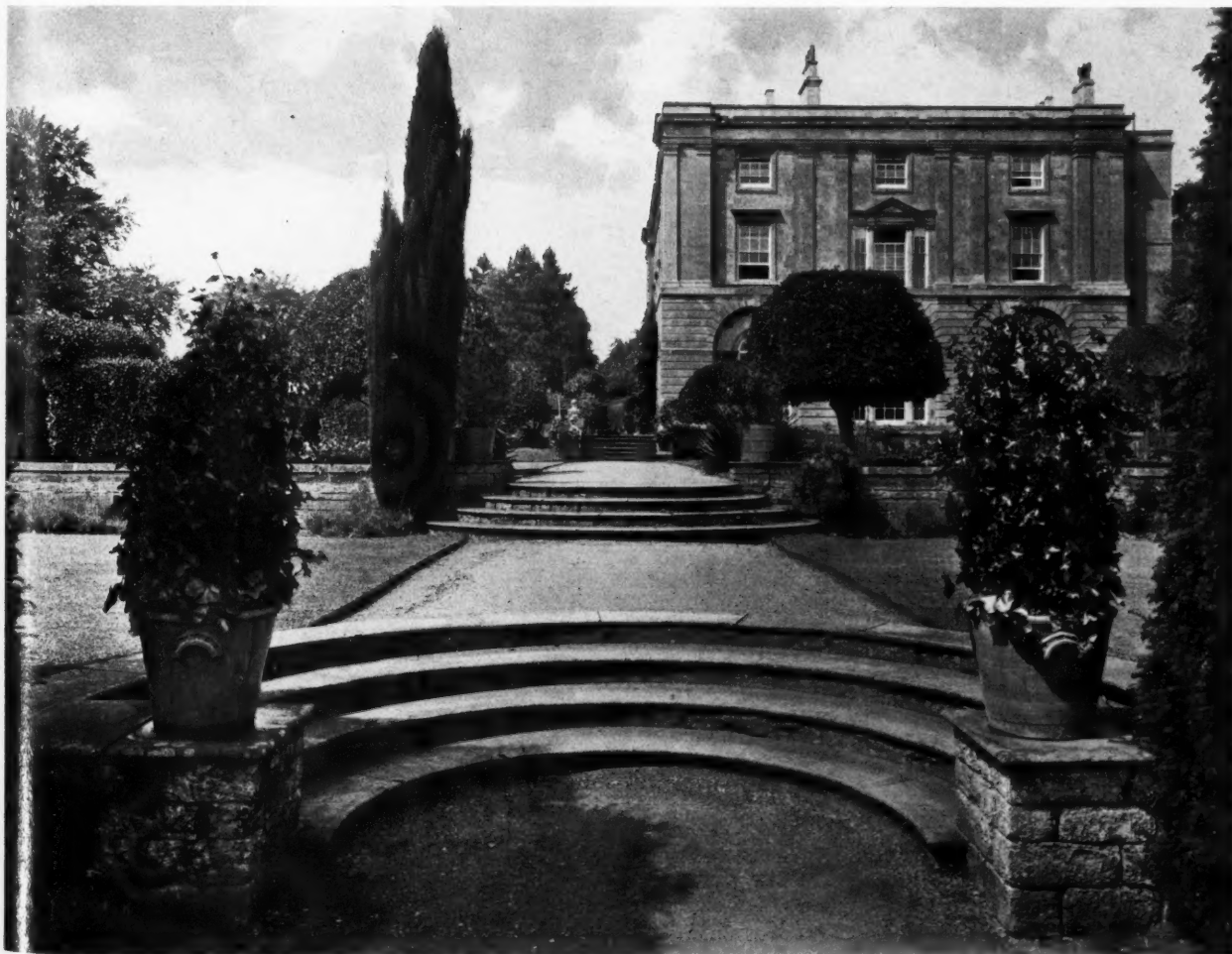
Copyright. 1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT, AS RECONSTRUCTED IN 1857. "C.L."



Copyright.

2.—THE SOUTH FRONT.

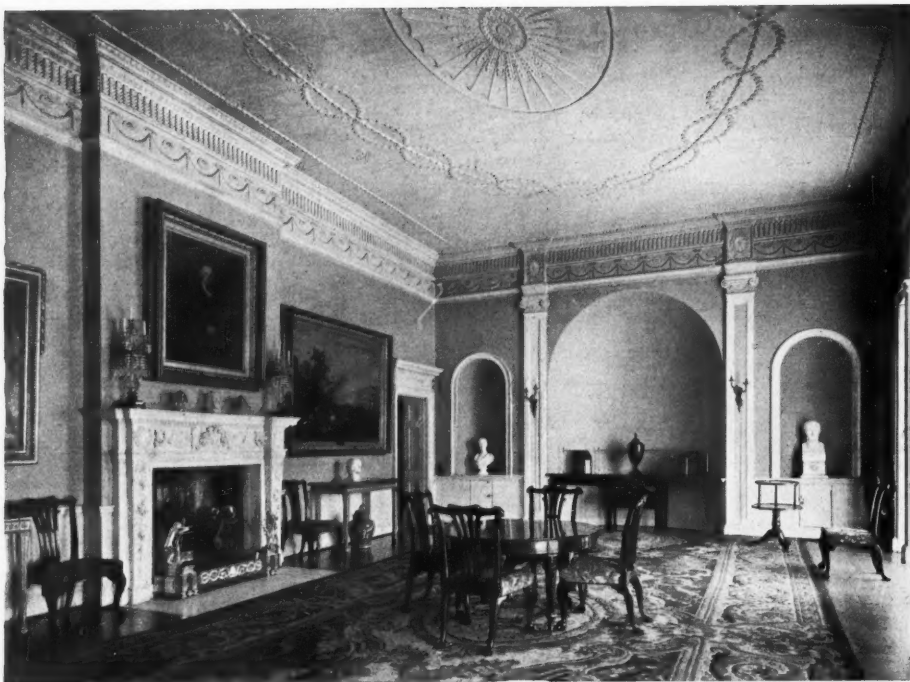
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—LOOKING WEST FROM THE YEW GARDEN: THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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4.—THE DINING-ROOM.

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5.—THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Charlton, sat to Romney at about the same time (Fig. 14), and a charming ally she must have been.

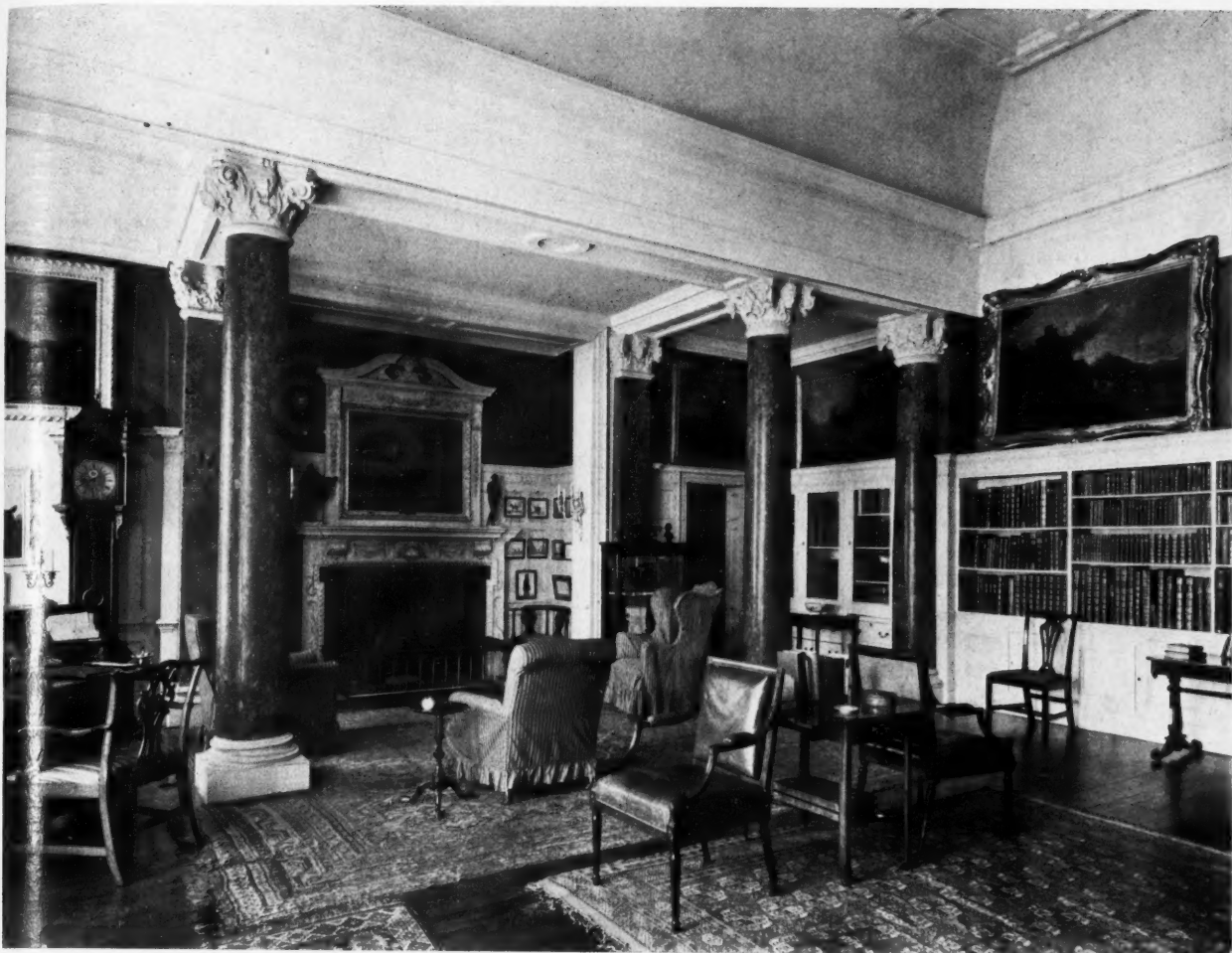
The couple had been married for eight years when old Mrs. Twyford died. A year's residence in the seventeenth century manor house seems to have convinced them that Charlton was too small and gave too little scope to Thomas Samuel's practical ambitions. He was busy turning the sheep walk of Ammerdown into arable farms, for they were good times for wheat, and he visualised an elegant though modest home on the down, set in a more widely sweeping landscape than Charlton could offer. So in 1788 he requested Mr. James Wyatt to come and make out designs which he could carry into effect for himself. By uncommon good fortune Wyatt's bill survives, which makes clear that the plan, elevations and the principal details were given by him, but that there his responsibility—and remuneration—ended.

1788. DUE TO JAMES WYATT.

Jan 14. Set off from London, time and expenses travelling to Charlton and back ..	28	15	0
To 3 days time at Charlton ..	15	15	0
To clean drawings of ground. Plans and three elevations ..	15	15	0
1789. Ap 13. By Lee. Basement and principal storey plans ..	2	2	0
May 14. Plan of principal and chamber storey, Elevation of the Front, D ^o of one end ..	6	6	0
	68	13	0

Capital for pilasters, entablature for D^o ; D^o for Portico, Baluster for D^o ; Base and surbase for do. . . 1 7 0
 Nov. 1789. Recd of T. S. Jolliffe Seventy pounds for wh I promise to give a discharge on stamp if required. 25
 Witness W. Jolliffe.
 (sgd) JAMES WYATT.

The house retains the appearance that Wyatt gave it, though it has been twice enlarged, in 1857 with remarkable skill, and in 1877 with less. Originally it was a square box, three bays long (Fig. 3) and two bays deep, with a long tail containing the offices. In 1857 the depth was increased by pushing forward each end of the west, entrance, front as shallow wings flanking a narrow entrance court. The south front was thus extended by two bays (Fig. 2). The centre of the west front (Fig. 1) was not filled in till 1901, when the original façade was thereby restored to its original condition, but some yards farther forward, the only difference being that a single storey classic porch (referred to as "the portico" in Wyatt's bill) was done away with in favour of the present entrance farther



Copyright.

6.—THE SMOKING-ROOM.

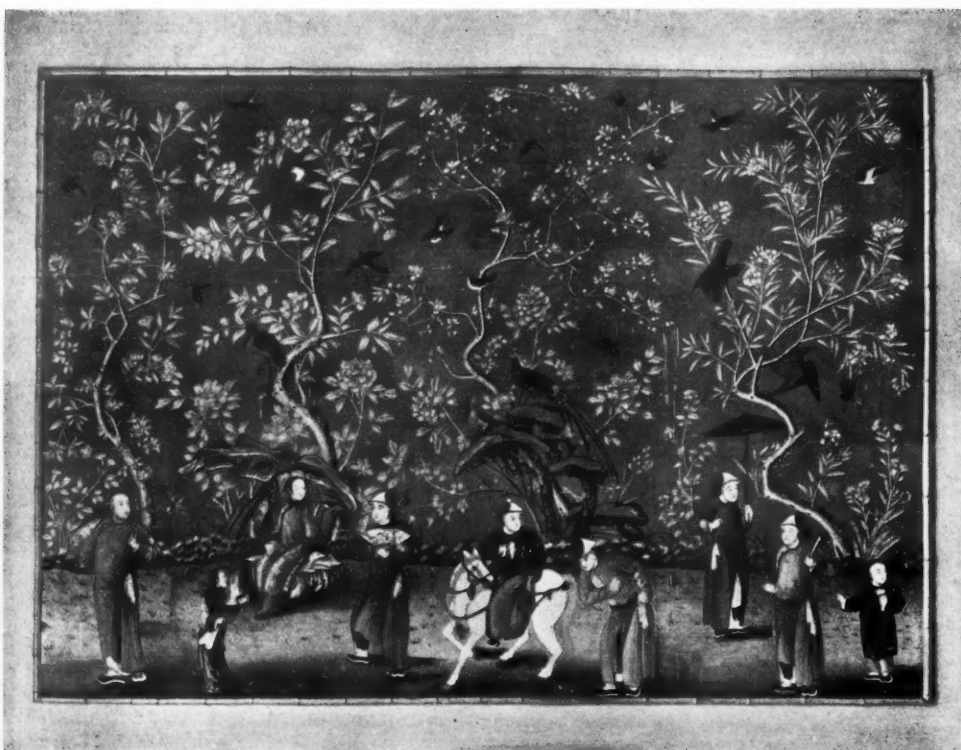
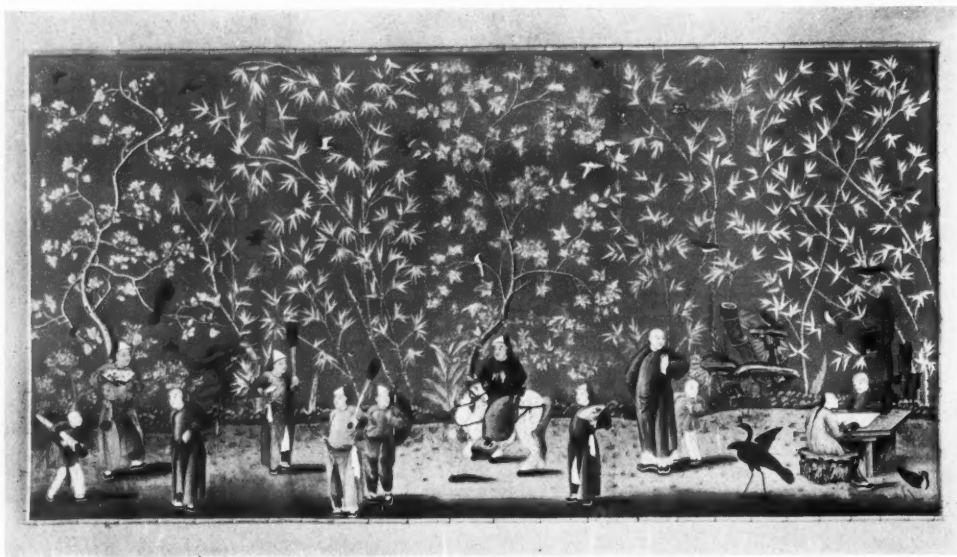
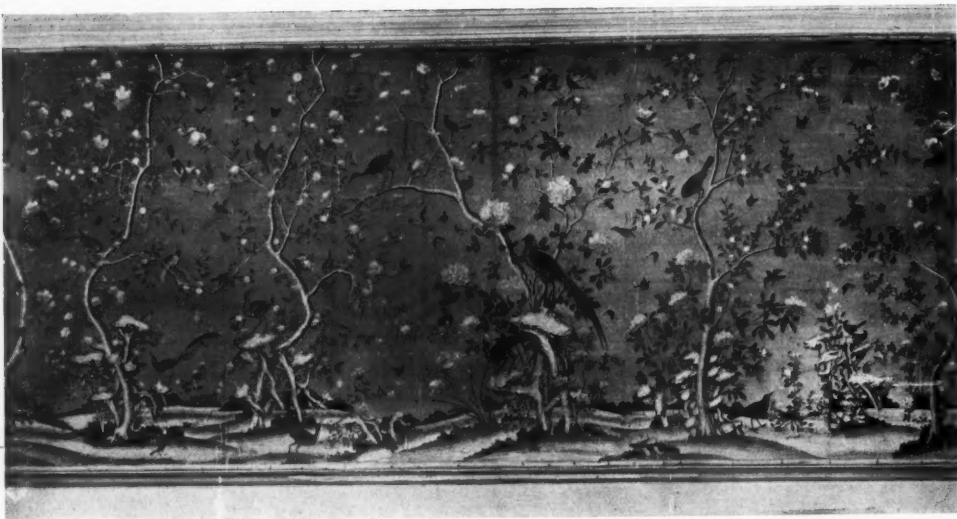
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—A SETTEE BY LINNELL IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



8, 9 and 10.—CHINESE WALLPAPERS.

Fig. 8 on a rose ground; Figs. 9 and 10 on blue. Brought to Ammerdown from Merstham House.

north. In 1877 a smoking-room was added at the north-west corner and the servants' accommodation was increased.

Both elevations are models of the refinement of which Wyatt was master. In each a high rusticated ground floor contains Venetian windows in big arches, which, on the south front, are alternated with small blind arches. The spacing of the upper part of the façade is admirable. The south front is cleverly terminated by slightly projecting bays with blind apertures. The statues that now adorn them are successful additions by the present Lord Hylton, though, perhaps, the lower figures should have been on a slightly larger scale.

The material is Bath stone, which, in the recessed portions, is of a fine golden colour. There is a tradition that the stone for the house was brought from an unfinished mansion begun by Alderman Beckford at Witham, ten miles distant. This building, which is not to be confused with the project for a house at Witham for Sir William Wyndham given by Colin Campbell in *Vitruvius Britannicus*, but never executed, is described by Collinson (*History of Somerset*) as being of Portland stone, and as having stood unfinished after the Alderman's death in 1770. Writing in 1790, Collinson said that it had at length been taken down, which at least gives chronological support to the tradition. But if material from Witham was used here, it can only have been for the filling of the walls, since the facing is of Bath stone.

Another circumstance that might support the Witham story is that Jolliffe went to Blandford for a contractor, and Witham lies about half way between Ammerdown and Blandford. The natural thing to have done would have been to get a Bath builder. Blandford, however, had been made the centre of a splendid building tradition by the Bastard family during the first half of the century, and Joseph Towsey, the contractor for Ammerdown, will, no doubt, have been connected with them. Several of Towsey's bills survive at Ammerdown, but, unfortunately, none earlier than 1793, when the house was nearly finished. Yet



11.—FRANCES, VISCOUNTESS VANE, BY HUDSON.

they show that Towsey did at least provide Portland paving stone, and the inference, perhaps, is that Jolliffe employed him because Towsey had bought the Witham materials.

The plan (Fig. 16) indicates the original disposition of the ground floor and its subsequent extensions. The small entrance hall, which has been lengthened into a kind of gallery, is hung to-day with some fine Chinese papers (Figs. 8, 9 and 10) brought here from Merstham. Beyond it is the staircase, which rises to an elliptical dome (Fig. 5) with a gallery of Ionic columns, now glazed in, running round the top. This is bracketed out at the angles by four squinches suggestive of fan vaulting. The well is surrounded by the first-floor landing, which looks into it between Doric columns—a favourite arrangement of Wyatt's, here reproduced in miniature. Some of the decorative items



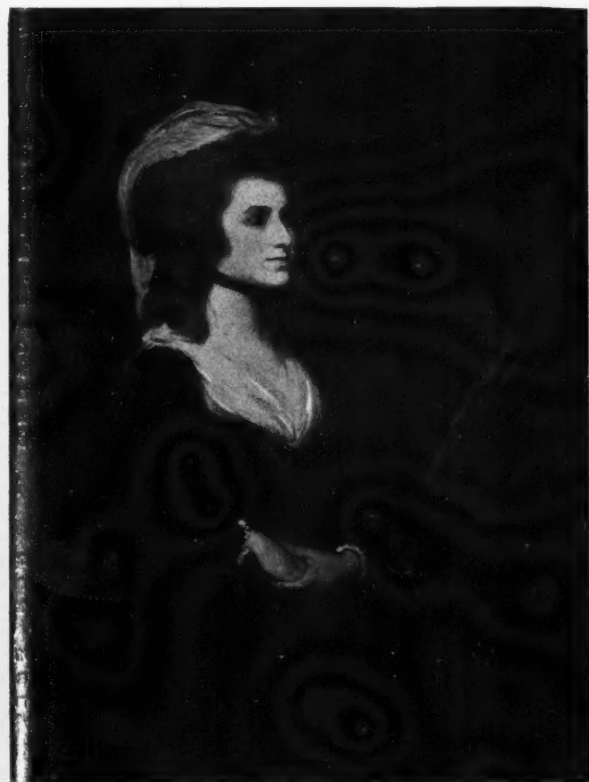
12.—MRS. WILLIAM JOLLIFFE, BY ROMNEY.

are referred to in the plasterer Joseph Williams' account delivered in 1792:

12 modern Ionick caps to columns	12 12 0
12 d ^o . d ^o . d ^o . to pilasters	3 12 0
4 quarter angle brackets enriched, grand staircase	5 15 0

Though Wyatt will be responsible for the general treatment of the staircase, much of the detail would seem to have been left to Lee, the clerk of the works. The reference to him in Wyatt's bill suggests that he was an articulated assistant of Wyatt who received some kind of payment for designs by Lee, though Jolliffe, presumably, paid his wages.

To the left of the little entrance was a business room, now a passage-hall with the later library in front of it. The south front was occupied by two parlours, now thrown into one drawing-room (Fig. 7), with a later boudoir attached to its west end.



13.—MRS. WILLIAM JOLLIFFE, BY ROMNEY.



14.—MRS. THOMAS SAMUEL JOLLIFFE, BY ROMNEY.

The dining-room (Fig. 4) is unchanged. With its sideboard apse, mahogany doors and elegant detail, it is a typical room of the seven-teen-nineties. But the credit for the decoration would seem to rest with Williams, the plasterer. He is made for us something more than a name by two letters ensuing upon a disputed payment. We learn that he lived at "12 Camden Place in the Hampstead Road," and had premises at 1, Charlton Place, St. Marylebone. The dispute arose over Williams' charging six guineas in excess of his contract price. He pleaded that, although he had agreed to the price, previous to that agreement Mr. Lee gave me to Under-

stand that a Person (who I believe would have been found very Incapable) had offered to do the Business at those Prices—to which, if I would agree, I might have the Preference, but so far from being the Prices of my own Proposing, they were such as I never heard of before; neither will it be in my Power to do another Jobb at the same terms and I may assert as an undeniable truth that they are at least 30 per cent Under the Value Prices, and had it not been for the advantage I had in my apprentices and Procuring men at low wages, I must have been a very considerable sum of money out of Pocket. . . . The advance in journeymen's wages has much augmented the Price of Labour So that no man can now afford to do Business on Equal Terms to those he had 3 or 4 years ago.

Without this extra payment he would be unable to pay the bill for the plasterer, and "a Prison must be my lot" if payment is delayed much longer. "I hope, sir," he concludes, "you will consider my case, and let any man (being a judge of the Business) Reflect for a moment on the manner of y^r work as executed, the Shameful Price it was done for! his Conscience I am certain will Direct him to say that the Balance ought to have been paid." Needless to say, it was, after so eloquent an appeal. The allusions to the rising cost of labour are perfectly accurate. The household accounts of a widowed aunt of Mrs. Jolliffe's living in the village show an annual house-keeping outlay, with four servants, of £138 in 1779, £204 in 1789, £261 in 1792, £362 in 1801. In 1779 maids' wages were five guineas a year, in 1793 they were eight guineas. The effect of rising prices in architecture was to impose simplicity of detail, which was easily reproduced in stucco, and on decoration to make such rooms as this dining-room prohibitively costly. It must, indeed, be one of the latest rooms of Adam type to have been executed.

Even more interesting are the bills for furniture, in which the sweet names of the stuffs are whiffs of fragrance. They show that Jolliffe did not tackle the furnishing of the house till 1795, when he employed two firms—Thomas Andrewes; and the executors of John Linnell of Berkeley Square, on the latter of whom an article appears on another page. Blue tammy to line curtains at 1s. 5d. a yard, green tabaret for curtains and upholstery, green mantua, white durrant for linings and rich bellendine arrived; wallpapers ("striped, blue-sparr and



15.—VAN DYCK: RINALDO AND ARMIDA.

sattin white," "montague damask green at 8s. the piece") were hung, and Andrewes took over the complete decoration and furnishing of several bedrooms. It is, perhaps, unexpected to find that commercial hyperbole has changed so little since then, when "super Witne" blankets cost £2 12s. 6d. The more important furniture was provided by Linnell, notably:

2 large Frames with ornaments in therm'd legs and Gollusses [gull-ochel] in the rails gilt in burnished gold in the best manner for your slabs . . . 18 18 0

These are the side tables in the dining-room, the slabs for which are probably referred to in a bill of Towsey's:

for sawing grounding polishing and setting 38ft. of veind marble to chimney pieces and slabs . . . 52 7 9

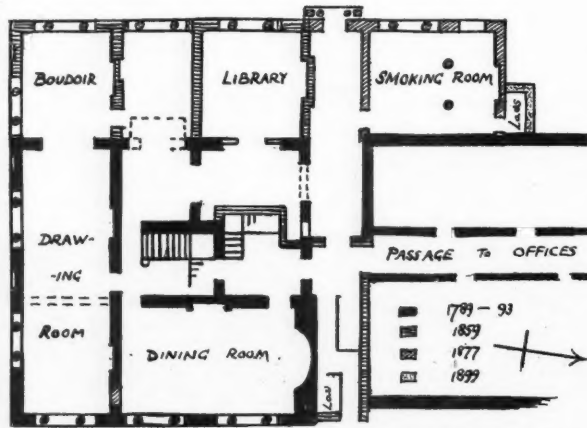
Linnell's best contribution was the satinwood suite mostly collected in the drawing-room, where a settee is seen in the foreground of Fig. 7. It is composed of—

8 Satinwood tablet back'd elbow chairs with mouldings gilt in varnish'd gold round the painted Tablets, the elbow carved, the legs turned, the backs, seats and elbow french-stuffed in fine canvas covered with the above Tabaret at 5.10.0 each . . . £44 0 0
2 large sofas to match . . . £28 0 0
A pair of satin wood fire screens, the ovals covered with green silk . . . 3 18 0

A foreman was sent down to unpack the furniture, hang the curtains and paper the walls. Though the satinwood chairs have lost the painting on the tablets and have been really benefited by the stripping off of their varnish, they are still covered in green. The arms terminate in four bay leaves, undercut, and enclosing a ball on the top of the upright.

The two chimneypieces in the drawing-room and that in the dining-room are traditionally reputed to have come from Egremont House, Piccadilly, which is probable enough, for another was obtained at this time by Pepys Cockerell for his Admiralty building (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. LIV, page 765).

The family portraits in the drawing-room comprise a representative selection of late eighteenth century painting. Besides those already alluded to, there is a first-rate Hudson of Lady Vane; (Fig. 11) the Hon. Berkeley Paget—a companion of the Regent—in a wide-coloured fur-trimmed pellice, by Lawrence; and his wife, Sophia Askeff Grimston, in the character of Psyche, by Hoppner. A full-length of old Mrs. Holden seated, in pale blue satin, in her drawing-room provides material for a controversy, since it has considerable affinity to some of Gainsborough's earlier work. At the end of the room is a silhouette on glass of Thomas Samuel's children playing with a dog and a shuttlecock, and on the Backer spinet which is on the main landing upstairs. This ungainly space on top of the old entrance hall was



16.—PLAN OF THE PRINCIPAL PART OF THE HOUSE.

produced by the gradual enlarging of the house, and with the space over it up to the roof, occupies the whole centre of the house. However, as it is hung with more of the Oriental paper already alluded to, it justifies its existence.

The Seymours that hang round the smoking-room (Fig. 6) have already been described (COUNTRY LIFE, January 26th, 1929). This comfortable room was brought to its present condition by the present Lord Hylton.

The most important picture at Ammerdown is the great Van Dyck of "Rinaldo and Armida" (Fig. 15). Measuring some 6ft. square, it was probably bought by John Jolliffe of Petersfield. It is a repetition of the picture, bought by Endymion Porter at Antwerp and sold to Charles I in 1630, now in the Duke of Newcastle's collection. There are several slight variations from the original in this picture, which is also a little cut round all the edges.

The little children in the silhouette grew up, but none of them married, and Colonel Hylton Jolliffe, William's son, earned the reputation, in Dighton and Osbaldeston's time, of "the hero of the chase," but had no children either. He made some attempts to get the Hylton title revived in right of his

mother, and Lord Liverpool offered to console him with a baronetcy. This he indignantly refused, but suggested that his nephew and heir, then aged twenty-one, might like one. This young man was the son of the Colonel's younger brother, who had gone into the Church and had married one of the numerous and pretty coheiresses of Sir Abraham Pitches of Streatham. He and his lady and the six Misses Pitches, all done in gouache ovals by Hamilton (or an allied hand), hang in a row in the drawing-room. Except that his uncle was killed at the Battle of the Nile, and he himself came of good stock, the youthful Sir William Jolliffe had not distinguished himself when the baronetcy fell upon him. But he succeeded his uncle in 1843, then his cousin at Ammerdown in 1872, and a constant parliamentary career in 1866 earned him the peerage that, genealogically, he had more or less right to. His eldest son died in the Crimea, and the second, on succeeding to the title in 1876, made the other alterations that have been referred to. It remained for the latter's son, who followed him at Ammerdown in 1899 and married Lady Alice Hervey, to fill in the new west front and to form the delightful gardens which will be, in due course, described.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

MR. WELLS: FUTURIST

The King Who Was a King, by H. G. Wells. (Benn, 7s. 6d.)

SQUARE human pegs in round avocational holes are too familiar to all of us to arouse comment. But do we always realise with equal clearness that the world of any given moment also contains two whole classes of square pegs who are doomed to suffer their particular form of discomfort all the days of their lives, no matter what their circumstances?

Not all of us, that is to say, really fit into our own generation with a sense of belonging there. Quite a number of us (and these are easily recognised) would have been more comfortable one—or even two—hundred years ago; while here and there we find individuals who seem, against their will, to have been projected into our midst from the mediæval world or the Stone Age.

Smaller, less easily recognised, more exciting is that class of persons who, though their bodies inhabit our world, find us quite intolerably old-fashioned by comparison with the denizens of some future day to which they really belong, and of which their spirits appear to retain mysterious cognisance, though they have been projected *backwards*, so to speak, out of their proper period.

To this class—the class from which prophets, pioneers, reformers, poets and often martyrs are recruited—Mr. Wells of course, belongs. That is what gives to his prophecies such scope, assurance and obstinate persistence in face of a world that would greatly prefer him to remain a novelist: he is genuinely telling us of things that he has seen—not imagined—round the next corner of the future, or the next but one, and passionately urging us to come on in the car of progress, full steam ahead, and join him, thus enabling him to settle down into something like comfort in a square hole before he dies.

We do not, of course, do it; we gape at him or shake our heads repressively, and keep the brake, for the most part, firmly on that car. Nevertheless, now and then he mesmerises us with his vehement gesticulations at the next corner, so that for a minute or two we do go a little farther and a little faster than we had any intention of doing.

Such should surely be the result of this last book of his—such a mental journey into unfamiliar but by no means impassable territory. *The King Who Was a King* is a sort of scenario-novel, intended to make a gigantic film on the subject of *The Peace of the World* (the film's original title).

How dull, how heavy such a book might easily be! But not in the hands of Mr. Wells. Scenario reading, as well as scenario writing, is something of a specialist's job; yet here the writing is done with a vividness, a brilliant sleight-of-hand that persuades us to forget the fact. For Mr. Wells is far too practised a prophet by this time to attempt to make us swallow the pill without the jam, to force upon us propaganda without plot. Not only a world-drama, therefore, but a tense human drama is enacted round his central theme—the question of the control of a certain valuable mineral. Once a world-control of this mineral is established, the rest follows:

If there can be a common control of world metallurgy there can be a control of transport and transport charges
of food supplies
of raw materials of all sorts
of population and migration.

Unfortunately, even those of us most willing to join Mr. Wells round the corner of the future may boggle at the last clause of this programme; for there seems to be some malign star under which prophets are often born, so that they cannot travel at all without travelling too far. And to attempt to deal with human beings as though they were loads of metal or grain is, at all times in the world's history, to invite disaster.

Still, here it is—Mr. Wells' idea for the peace of the world; and, apart from this final clause, there is no denying that he displays the idea not only as an attractive but as a possible one, and displays it in a setting of exciting drama.

A mood of pessimism and despondency, however, appears to descend upon him in the very last paragraph, so that he casts doubts on the prospects both of his book and of his film. We must, therefore, be allowed a small excursion into the realms of prophecy ourselves, and hazard the opinion that a film of this book will be made, and that a large public will welcome it.

For, after all, the generation that has survived the war is exhibiting one striking characteristic not noticeable in previous war-smitten generations: the farther the war recedes from us the more implacably—to judge by current literature—do we detest it. So that the fields of the present seem ripe, "white a'ready to harvest," for such a film as this.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to William Temple, edited by G. C. Moore Smith. (The Clarendon Press, 21s.)

DO many people need an introduction to dear Dorothy Osborne?—whose letters to William Temple give the completest picture we have of life in a quiet country house in the time of the Commonwealth, and also form a charming love story which ended happily, though Dorothy never expected it to do so, for when their courtship started the father of her lover was sitting in the Long Parliament and her own father, Sir Peter Osborne, had been one of King Charles his gentlemen. During the seven years in which William Temple courted Dorothy obstacle after obstacle, political and financial, rose up before them, and when, after many sorrows, their way seemed clear and the date of their marriage had been arranged, Dorothy fell so ill of small-pox that, for a short time, all hope died. Up to the present the only available collection of Dorothy Osborne's letters was that edited by Sir Edward Parry, whose permission has been given for this new volume, as he holds the sole rights of publication for seven of the letters included. (And Sir Edward's book has always seemed completely satisfactory, and will never be forgotten by us who love Dorothy.) The new book, unlike its predecessor, retains the original spelling, and the explanatory notes to each letter are to be found at the end of the volume. I, knowing my Dorothy fairly well, read them straight through like a book for the sheer interest of them. Sir Edward gathered his notes together in a genial little essay at the head of each letter. I cannot decide which is the better plan, though some people may care passionately, just as others care passionately whether their milk is put in before their tea or their tea before their milk. Before or after seems equally good to me in both cases. At any rate the pages are not cut up by footnotes. Indeed, the form of the book is excellent in every way—good black print, two beautiful portraits and several most interesting appendices. Dorothy lived at home in the old Priory of Chicksands with her kind old father and her not very kind brother. Her brother was for ever throwing hindrances in the way of her love affair and bringing forward suitors more to his own liking. It is difficult to express the charm of these letters. They stand alone. We get to know Dorothy as we know few living people. She is melancholy at times, yet witty. She is discreet, yet tender. She is often very amusing and always interesting. We see her maid tying up her curtains to let in the light, so that her mistress can read the letter which has come while she is still in bed. We hear of Dorothy's colds, her fits of ague and her extraordinary remedies. We watch her wander

lonely, through the garden in the summer evenings: "Last night I was in the Garden till Eleven a clock, it was the sweetest night that ere I saw, the Garden looked soe well and the Jessamine smelt beyond all perfumes, and yet I was not pleased. The place had all the Charms it used to have when I was most satisfied with it and had you been there I should have liked it more than Ever I did, but that not being it was no more to me than the next feilde." We hear of Dorothy's suitors—in fact, one of them, Henry Cromwell, son of my Lord Protector, is flapped rather ostentatiously in Temple's face. We read of her friends and of her visitors and of her nerve-racking but quite dignified quarrels with her brother. "Wee talked our selves weary, hee renounced mee again and I defyed him, but both in as Civill Language as it would permitt, and parted in great Anger with the Usual Ceremony of a Leg and a Courtesy." We watch Dorothy reading interminable French romances, and we go with her through the sad, lonely months when she nursed her father through his last illness, and grieve for her in the even sadder days that followed when, brother and sister left alone together, she had no one near to share her unhappiness and hopelessness. But it was the last lap. Slowly the lovers' prospects grew brighter. Difficulties were got over one by one; the last trial, smallpox, was struggled through and on Christmas Day, 1654, Dorothy and Temple were married. And putting down this enthralling volume I think: "I know much about Dorothy, Dorothy knew nothing about me. Yet if she had not written these letters how much poorer my life would have been."

I. B.

The Five Books of Mr. Moses. by Izak Goller. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) THE London Jew and Jewess, in the persons of Barnett Cohen and Sarah his wife, are touched off entertainingly and to the life in this novel; their broken English and their unbreakable Judaism are both here. The five books of Mr. Moses are the books of the Pentateuch used symbolically for the stages of man's life; and Mr. Moses himself is one of those teachers of Hebrew who, from generation to generation, stamp upon the souls of young Jewry the spiritual lineaments of their ancient faith, and so preserve Judaism from anything more than superficial assimilation with other races, creeds and languages. The actual plot of the book turns rather conventionally upon a seduction and an Anglo-Jewish marriage, and is not its strong point. Dr. Goller's pen is apt to falter when he leaves the older generation for the younger; the lifelikeness goes out of the picture. But with the Jew tailor and his wife he is unable to make a mistake; the book is rich in those vociferous arguments, quarrels, parries and thrusts which sound so serious to outsiders, but are for the participants a fury signifying nothing and existing alongside of the most faithful affection and mutual admiration. The author shows nothing of bias in his dealings with the religious bodies involved—Judaism Anglicanism, Roman Catholicism—and his thoughtful reflections on the War and other matters have the appearance of being typical of the trend of opinion in modern Anglo-Jewry.

Scarlet Sister Mary. by Julia Peterkin. (Gollancz, 7s. 6d. net.) THE psychology of the American negro is a theme which has of late proved attractive to more than one novelist. Miss Julia Peterkin, in this clever and unusual story, approaches the subject from a fresh angle. The black people who inhabit the old slave quarters of Blue Brook Plantation, "faithful to the old life, contented with old ways and beliefs, holding fast to the old traditions," are as far removed from the sophistication of "Nigger Heaven" as from the sentimental unrealities of Victorian nigger minstrelsy. The inarticulate yearnings of their simple souls are such as find their most satisfying utterance in the haunting cadences of the "spirituals" rather than in the feverish pulse beat of jazz. Their religion is a strange blending of emotional Christianity with the ancient superstitions—the philtres, the love

charms, the "conjure rags"—which have their root far back in the fetish worship of their ancestral Africa. Even Sister Mary's lapses from strict morality, "pure scarlet" though they may be in the judgment of the deacons of Heaven's Gate Chapel, are failings which have their origin in primitive, not in decadent, impulses. Miss Peterkin has drawn the varying characters of a *dramatis personæ* in which no person not coloured finds a place with a remarkable degree of sympathy and humour; and the glimpses of nature's moods and phases in the South Carolina scenery which provides the background of the tale are touched in with a like delicacy and sincerity.

The Prophet's Wife. by R. O. Prowse. (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)

FOR those who can appreciate a leisurely and deeply understood presentment of clashing temperaments, *The Prophet's Wife*, by R. O. Prowse, is a fine study. Nothing much happens, as men of action count happening, throughout the book until the single dramatic episode at its close. Yet there is drama in it, felt none the less because expressed. Hepworth, the passionately sincere leader of a new religion, immersed in schemes for the spiritual regeneration of mankind, worshipped by his devout followers, yet cannot win the human love of his wife. This, in essence, is the whole story. We see Susan, who has come out of her own world—the world of the country house, with its fixed traditions, its easy acceptance of things as they are, its dream of self-advertisement—trying to feel at home in her husband's world of intense altruistic endeavour. But she belongs to neither now, she lives in a no man's land. In Hepworth's agonised discovery of his inability to make her happy there is the added sting of personal failure for a proud nature. He is not only a great man, he is kind, truth-loving and sensitive. How has he failed Susan? The answer is simple enough—yet Hepworth, wise as he is, could never have understood it. This careful piece of work will repay the patient reader.

SYLVIA STEVENSON.

MORE BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

IN view of the coming General Election a more than usual interest attaches this year to the new edition of *Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench* (Dean and Son, 20s.). In its own wide field nothing could be at once more concise and more informative. Truly a book of reference, though not an annual, is *East Africa To-day* (East African, 5s.), a marvellously cheap volume and an authoritative handbook on its subject. *London Town and Country*, issued for the "Underground" by St. Catherine's Press at 1s., is, perhaps, the most entertaining useful small book on the Capital that has ever appeared. No lover of London can afford to do without it or fail to get delight from it. We have also received *A Concise Guide to the Town and University of Cambridge* (Bowes and Bowes, 1s. 3d.); *Traveller's Pocket Reference and Note Book* (Anglo-Continental and International Offices, London and Lausanne, 1s.), a very useful guide to the health and pleasure resorts of the Continent; *The English Herd Book and Register of Jersey Cattle* (Hammond and Craufurd, £1 1s.); and *International Directory of Pedigree Stock Breeders*, Edit. 1928-29 (International Directory of Stock Breeders, 25s.). Never in the history of agriculture has more attention been paid to the breeding of stock, and this work of reference, which is remarkably well done, should find a place in the book shelves of every stock breeder.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

THREE PERSONS, by Sir Andrew Macphail (Murray, 10s. 6d.); THE LAND OF THE LAMA, by David Macdonald (Seeley Service, 21s.); SEAMEN OF THE DOWNS, by G. B. Bayley (Blackwood, 12s. 6d.). FICTION.—NEVER IN VAIN, by Hugh de Selincourt (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.); THE SLIPPING LADDER, by W. Pett Ridge (Methuen, 7s. 6d.).

SUGGIA THE MAGNIFICENT

BY JAMES AGATE

IT may be because I am a dramatic critic that I do not believe in the existence of what is called art criticism and music criticism. When I read of Clarence Tompkins, R.A., that he "conveys plasticity not by laborious modelling or sculptural chiaroscuro but by the juxtaposition of flat masses of colour so related as to couple the sensation of recession and permit the ideated planes to circulate freely and rhythmically"—when I read this I know that one of us is mad. After reading: "So when, instead of awaking in us, by the sonorous and powerful magic of the harmonies and rhythms, one of those states of subtle receptivity which incite us to perceive the indefinable that sings and vibrates under the appearance of things and beings; this composer proposes to us a picture whose composition is finished far enough to exact no longer that intimate collaboration of our sensibility, we cannot prevent ourselves from experiencing a feeling which is almost that of deception"—when I read this I experience a feeling which is certainly that of deception. Pianists should stick to their pianos, for you are to know that this rigmarole forms part of an essay on Debussy by that magnificent artist in his own line, Cortot. But M. Cortot is a musical critic only when the whim takes him. There is the professional musical critic who is always "so disposed," and who will deliver himself of such accuracies as: "The first theme is

a vigorous tune written around the three notes C, G, E (tonic, dominant and subdominant), with a brief intriguing turn into the minor. Soon after a modulation to D major it boldly insisted upon by upward scale runs. This is a preparation for a quiet theme in G. The sounding of F natural foretells another change of key, and this passage ends on the A flat chord." Does the poor fool who wrote this imagine that he is telling us how the first movement of Mozart's Symphony No. 34 in C is going to sound? The dramatic critic is in a much better case. Suppose he is noticing, say, "Little Miss Muffet" at the Playhouse. He will probably begin: "When the curtain rises we see little Miss Muffet sitting on her tuffet and eating her curds and whey." That, I submit, conjures up a definite picture of what the opening of the play will be like, and the reader can almost see Miss Gladys Cooper clasping that china-blue bowl and gazing into it with those china-blue eyes. To put the matter in a nutshell, I do not believe that there can be any such things as art and music criticism. On the other hand, one is persuaded that the art and music critics exist. One knows they exist. Is it not they who at functions make the dull speeches?

It is the fashion for the layman who writes upon music to say that he cannot tell one note from another. But taking courage from Lady Tree who used to boast, and probably does still boast, of knowing quite a number of the letters of

the alphabet, I hereby declare that I know quite a number of notes in the scale and can competently distinguish t'other from which. But to know one note from another is a much easier thing than to know one eighteenth century motet from another. It is always said to be a mark of futility in critics that they should compare one mighty genius with another, since every genius opens up infinite vistas to the imagination and all infinities are equal. It would probably be a mighty pity to insist upon comparison between the little lovelinesses of which Madame Suggia's first programme at the Wigmore Hall was composed. Looking back upon them with the mind's eye and ear I seem to have spent an afternoon in "deep, deliberate bliss, A spirit sliding through tranquility." Yet I feel that there is an obligation in this matter other than the mere declaration of bliss. A man returning from Heaven would surely be expected to say more than just that he had been in Heaven. Therefore, though my recollection is a maze of heavenly cadences and dying falls, I feel I ought at least to make the attempt to disentangle these and, to put the matter bluntly, tell the reader what pieces it was that Madame Suggia played.

The great artist began with a Sonata by Valentini. Yes, but which? Is he Robert Valentine, violinist and composer, who "may be identical with a flautist who lived at Rome in 1714 and who was known in Italy as Roberto Valentini" and who, in any case, spent a life of dubious length composing sonatas for the flute? Is he Giovanni Valentini, Imperial Court organist at Vienna, circa 1614, and profuse of masses and sonatas for strings? Is he Giuseppe Valentini, another man of strings of the late seventeenth century, who chose to live in Florence and publish his music in Amsterdam? Is he Pietro Francesco Valentini who died in Rome in 1654 after a lifetime obsessed with canonic motets? Or is he, less probably, the Valentini who came to London in 1707, sang in Handel's "Rinaldo," possessed a contralto voice of small power which fell afterwards to a high tenor, and was "chaste in his singing"? In the matter of identification the concert-goer inspects his programme and takes his choice. Next on the list was an Adagio and Allegro by Boccherini. Well, we all know Boccherini. Everybody who has ever taken tea in a café knows his Minuet with that insistently repeated descending passage which runs tum-te-um-tum - tum - tum, tum - te - um - tum - tum - tum. But musical biography was ever a tedious art, and I shall not bore the reader with accounts of Marcello and Veracini, Cupis de Camargo and Guerini.

Nor shall I attempt anything critical concerning Mme. Suggia considered as interpreter, musician, virtuoso. I shall say nothing of the way in which, as Mr. Stephen Gwynn

has so admirably phrased it, "she was creating sound till you could see it; the music seemed to flow like running water, up her arms, over her neck; one felt that seated behind her one could see it coursing down her shoulders and her spine, with the whirls and eddies of a mountain river." To discuss these aspects of Suggia's greatness would ill become me. And, besides, are not her qualities known to all cultured people as intimately as the proper usages of knife and fork? But there is one aspect of Suggia with which, as a dramatic critic, I may with greater propriety concern myself, and that is her aspect as an actress. Certain singers built in the Germanic mode would lose nothing of their performance if they performed behind a screen. Suggia's performance would lose. Where other people listen I am content to watch. For, just as Gladstone and Irving would have been great archbishops if both had not been great actors, so if Suggia had not been a great 'cellist she would undoubtedly have been a great actress. The moment when her pose, the almost architectural lay-out of her shoulders, that steady arm and imminent bow, the moment when the 'cellist in the woman has riveted our gaze upon her—at that moment I see the actress in the 'cellist. I am persuaded that when Suggia plays she is no longer conscious of the Wigmore Hall or its audience. She has withdrawn into herself and there sees visions calling for a will of brass and nerves of steel. She mutters to herself, and you feel that if she spoke the words would be imprecations. They are the outward and visible expression of a consuming fire, of a will to conquer kin to that of Napoleon and of Balzac, of the will to persist with which Charlotte Brontë credited Rachel.

Only those who have realised how a great actor may almost be said to square up to the great soliloquies of Hamlet can have perceived how Mme. Suggia bent up each corporal agent to meet the strain imposed by three great unaccompanied preludes of Bach. Now, Bach

to the layman is always one of two things; he is either the greatest musician who ever lived, or he is a bore. My own view is that he was both in equal proportions, and stupendously both. Given anything less than the highest quality of genius, the Prelude in C is as unhearable as the little girl's scales next door. But let the genius of a Suggia attack it, and upon what was waste ground there arise the walls, the stained glass windows, the fretted roof, the ordered stateliness of a cathedral. I repeat that it is not for me to express any view as to Suggia's glory as a musician. But I hope Mr. George Warrington will permit me to encroach upon his province so far as to state my conviction, spontaneous, yet settled, that Suggia is, and could never have been anything other than, a magnificent actress.



SUGGIA.

THE ROMAN WALL



FROM CUDDY'S CRAG, SHOWING BORCOVICUS IN THE DISTANCE.

THE Wall of Hadrian is, undoubtedly, the finest Roman monument we have remaining in this country. With the best will in the world, it is difficult to feel very great enthusiasm about the numerous camps and villas, interesting though they are, which have been unearthed for us by patient archæologists. They may arouse a mild curiosity about the domestic life of the Roman occupants of Britain, but, beyond that, they are not able to stir the imagination, as do the amphitheatres and aqueducts in other parts of the Roman world. How many of these villas would we not willingly sacrifice to have had left standing one monument comparable to the Pont du Gard, or even a few columns of a ruined temple that one might have come upon with delighted surprise as one comes upon a ruined abbey in Yorkshire. If the landscapes of Richard Wilson, in which Roman ruins figure so romantically, could only have been substantiated by one authentic example! But the energies of mediæval builders were directed so thoroughly towards the remains still standing that the available supply of columns was very soon exhausted—a few may be seen here and there in our country churches, at Lanchester, near Durham,

or Impington in Cambridgeshire—and eighteenth century connoisseurs of the picturesque had perforce to create the temples wherewith they loved to adorn their lawns and glades, whereas we, in a less enterprising age, have to leave our dreams unsatisfied.

Enough, however, remains of the Roman Wall to atone in large measure for this poverty in architectural remains. For almost its entire length, from Bowness on the Solway Firth to Wallsend amid the black industrial squalour of Tyneside, its course can be traced, though it is only in the middle section, between Gilsland and Chollerford, that it still runs unbroken for miles across the bleak Northumbrian moors. For a southerner travelling to Scotland it is always something of a shock on reaching Newcastle to discover, if he looks on a map and draws a straight line westward, that he is already on a level with Dumfries. For the Scottish express still has seventy miles to run before it crosses the Border at Berwick. Northumberland is now so integral a part of England that it is difficult to think of it as once beyond the pale. But the Roman's choice for their frontier of a line running almost due east and west from the Solway to the Tyne was arrived at after a long experience of Border



THE WALL FOLLOWING THE CREST-LINE OF THE WHIN SILL.

warfare, which showed them the wisdom of leaving the wilds of the Cheviots as a no-man's-land to be defended only by a few advanced posts. It is true that Antoninus Pius built a rampart across the narrow neck of Scotland between the Forth and Clyde, but the ease with which this line could be turned made it an ineffectual barrier which was only held for short periods. The Wall of Hadrian was built on a front that experience taught to be the most readily defensible, and it acted as a Hindenburg line, beyond which the Roman power might advance if it was found practicable, but behind which it must never retire.

The revolt which brought Hadrian to Britain not long after his accession showed him the necessity of such a permanent frontier. At first, a chain of forts was established in which troops were concentrated, but no attempt was made to hold a line. The *vallum* which runs parallel with the wall on its south side was constructed soon afterwards, but it is clearly of no military value, and modern research goes to show that it was simply a boundary line to mark the limit of the Roman civil power, comparable to those found on other frontiers of the Empire. The system proved a failure, owing, no doubt, to frequent raids made by the Border tribes across the frontier at points between the forts, so that a few years later the construction of a turf wall connecting the forts was taken in hand, and soon afterwards this was replaced by the great wall of stone. All four works seem to have followed each other in rapid succession since, from inscriptions and finds of coins, the stone wall cannot be later than A.D. 127. The turf rampart was thus thrown up as a temporary barrier, and no long interval elapsed, as was formerly thought, before it was made permanent in stone.

The details of the wall, with its fortresses, fortified gateways and mile castles, illustrate the thoroughness of the Roman mind. The spacing of the mile castles is so regular that the sites of those of which no trace was left above ground have been found simply by measuring the distance from the last. Similarly, the gateways, of which there were over a hundred in the 73½ miles of wall, were built even in places where they opened out into a marsh or on to the edge of a precipice, and where they would be entirely useless as points of egress for a punitive raid. Regularity and uniformity were set at a higher value by the Romans than economy.

The portions of the wall between Newcastle and the Chesters are fragmentary and of no great interest. For mile after mile it accompanies the Carlisle road, which follows the course of the Roman military way along the inner side of the rampart. Rising and falling in steep pitches or gentle swells, it keeps to the high ground above the river, until suddenly the North Tyne turns at right angles across its course and the wall drops into the valley close to Chollerford. The ruined piles on which wall and road crossed the river can still be seen in the river bed half a mile below the modern bridge, and on the opposite bank are the excavated remains of the Chesters, the Roman station known as Cilurnum.

It is here that the wall enters on its wildest and most romantic section. Leaving the valley of the North Tyne, it climbs up on to the high ground in a straight line westward, only changing direction at Limestone bank, until it reaches the craggy ridge which looks out northward over the Northumberland fells. The ambitious title is given by a slightly jealous county to four little tarns or loughs, as they are locally called, which have formed themselves in the hollows of these oozing moors. On its



HYPOCAUSTS UNDER THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT CILURNUM



A ROOM IN THE BATH-HOUSE AT CILURNUM, SHOWING NICHES IN WHICH THE BATHERS HUNG THEIR CLOTHES.



THE EXCAVATED BATH-HOUSE.

northern face the ridge breaks off precipitously in crags and scars which provide a perfect natural barrier for defence, and along the whole of this bleak range, swelling and dropping in great rhythmical curves, the wall follows the crest line, marking and emphasising its striking contours. To stand on the wall at any point on the Whin Sill is to see some of the wildest country anywhere in England. It is wild and it is inexpressibly desolate. The tones of the landscape are conditioned by the bent or rough white grass of the moors and the dark peat in which it grows. There is little or no heather to relieve the colourlessness which everywhere prevails, or to add that air of melancholy which humanises even the loneliest parts of Dartmoor. Nature is here uncompromising in her austerity. But the effect of sombre grandeur is unsurpassed. The ridge is midway between Tynemouth and the Solway Firth, and the prevailing westerly wind blows unceasingly, driving before it all the glories of cloudland. Professor G. M. Trevelyan has described, in a memorable passage of an essay, the beauty of these cloudscapes. "In Northumberland alone

both heaven and earth are seen; we walk all day on long ridges, high enough to give far views of moor and valley and the sense of solitude above the world below, yet so far distant from each other and of such equal height, that we can watch the low skirting clouds as they 'post o'er land and ocean without rest.' It is the land of far horizons, where the piled or drifted shapes of gathered vapour are for ever moving along the furthest ridge of hills, like the procession of long primeval ages."

But the very barrenness of the country serves to throw into relief the achievement of a civilisation which not only could build and garrison a great frontier wall across these solitary moors, but also feed and house it there and supply it with all the necessities of existence. At almost the highest part of the wall was the fortress of Borcovicus, standing on the edge of the ridge at a point where it slopes steeply on the northern side. Here were permanently stationed a thousand men of the first Tungrian cohort, which was originally recruited from German tribes around Tongres in Belgium. In the excavated fortress can be seen the foundations of the principia, the store-houses, the governor's house, and the quarters of officers and men, and in the central courtyard a bunker of coal and a store of over 800 arrow-heads has been discovered. All the finds go to prove that the garrison was permanent, and traces of buildings beyond the walls of the fort seem to indicate that there was a small town outside in which the wives and families of the garrison lived. A small cave some three hundred yards below the fort was their place of worship, for here have been found several altars dedicated to Mithras, showing that the mystic cult of Mithraism flourished in this unlikely spot many years before the advent of Christianity, its rival and eventual supplanter. In addition to these signs of permanent habitation, the lines of terraces clearly traceable on the hillside show that here was a self-supporting colony which even cultivated the sodden peat soil. To-day, when, but for a farmstead or two, there is no sign of a dwelling for miles round, it seems inconceivable that a community could have found an existence possible, let alone tolerable, in such a desolate waste. Remembering the tales of historians about the vineyards which the Romans planted on the slopes of the Tyne valley, one is tempted to believe that in the course of centuries the climate of these parts has grown much more inclement, only we know that the Romans grumbled even more than we do about the damps and cold of our remote island.

The site of Cilurnum was far more friendly. For one thing, it was only six miles from Corstopitum, the market town, through which all the Roman troops on this part of the wall would pass on their way to or from the base at York, and which, therefore, corresponded in some ways to a town like Poperinghe during the war. Moreover, Cilurnum was in a sheltered valley down beside the river. The station, more familiar now as the Chesters, has been partly excavated and reveals a plan similar to that of Borcovicus, though larger and more elaborate. The foundations of the governor's house illustrate the luxurious system of Roman heating by the circulation of hot air between the piles of brick supporting the floor. But almost more interesting are the ruins of the bath-house outside the fort on the green slope of the river bank. This building contained a whole



DOORWAY IN THE BATH-HOUSE AT CILURNUM.

series of hot-air rooms, in one of which can be seen the arched niches in which the bathers hung their clothes. The walls are still standing to a considerable height, as will be seen by the illustration of the entrance, with its two lofty jamb-stones.

Chesters is the best known, because one of the most easily accessible, stations on the wall. It was largely excavated in the course of last century by the late owner of the estate, Mr. John Clayton, who lived to the great age of ninety-eight. His enthusiasm for Roman antiquities led him to buy portions of the wall as they came into the market, and to his energy and foresight we owe the preservation of as much of it as still remains. Now, at long last, it has been scheduled by the Office of Works, so that there is no longer a danger of its being used as a quarry by local farmers. It is to be hoped, though, that in their zeal for preservation the authorities will not erect the usual iron railings, for which, in this country, we have a perverse predilection. Stonehenge has been turned into a vulgar show-place instead of being left in lonely mystery on the

plain. And the wall, which equally derives its imaginative appeal from the landscape of which it forms a part, would be similarly degraded by any such domestication. Besides, to rail off a wall would betray a want of humour in addition to a want of imagination.

A. S. O.

ALDERSHOT'S RACE CLUB

IT was thirty-three years ago that General Sir David Campbell, then a subaltern of the 9th Lancers, rode the winners of the Grand National at Aintree, the Grand Military at Sandown, and the Irish National Hunt in one and the same season. Although Aldershot's Commander-in-Chief has passed his sixtieth birthday, he still hunts and still rides in military steeplechases with all his old enthusiasm. It was his enthusiasm which last year inspired the formation of Aldershot's Race Club, a club which achieved immediate success and brought financial stability to the Aldershot Command Steeplechase Meeting after many lean and almost barren years.

The Club, not confined to the Services alone, "caught on." It provided the bond that was needed, and the gathering upon the hill at Tweseldown was the best, in every sense, that had been seen in all the post-war years.

Tweseldown racecourse, before the war, was a rendezvous for all who in any way had been connected with the Services. It is a picturesque little course, flanked by woodlands and with a hill of its own that gives not only a view of the entire race, but a look-out across the Long Valley and over all the surrounding country. It is an entirely natural course, too, and, lying, as it does, under the lee of Caesar's Camp, one might easily believe that it had served for the chariot races of the Roman legions that guarded the valley of the Wey.

The course was too good to be allowed to become derelict. The Race Club Committee, apparently, also hold that opinion, for this season they not only propose to hold two military meetings, but they have rehabilitated course and stands, have constructed an entirely new paddock and have thrown the old paddock into a main enclosure which is to be reserved for members only. A new judge's box, a new number-board, a new stewards' office, a re-furbished buffet and a new way from paddock to course are among other reforms actually accomplished. A very new totalisator was projected, but the delays of the Control Board, apparently, are as lengthy as the delays of the law, and that project remains a prospect only.

The Club, formed hastily last year within a week or two of the solitary meeting, achieved a membership of over six hundred. There are signs already that this season the membership will pass not the six, but the sixteen hundred mark: and why should it not? The millions who have been attracted by the annual Searchlight Tattoo have discovered that modern Aldershot is not the stark, savage Aldershot of which Charles Dickens wrote. Its Long Valley is still untamed, but all around that fragment of the Sahara are leafy plantations and bosky dells as pleasant as any to be found on the surrounding clay lands. The old-time marshes have been drained, and now, right up to the sward of the racecourse itself, they sprout purple heather in the open, and beneath the

trees gem the soil with violets, anemones and primroses, exchanging these in the summer months for riots of rose and honeysuckle.

In the midst of well known Hunts and on the borders of three counties—Surrey, Hampshire and Berkshire—Aldershot's Race Club has every prospect of becoming almost as popular as its Tattoo. Its first meeting will be held on March 8th and 9th, its second on April 5th and 6th. Both are *bona fide* military meetings, and each day's programme will hold six steeplechases,

many of them regimental. Regimental races usually are the most attractive events of a Hunt point-to-point meeting, and they will lose none of that attractiveness at Tweseldown. Rather they will invest its course with the point-to-point atmosphere and will endow the Aldershot meetings with all the geniality and friendliness of the point-to-points, but will impart, fortunately, none of the drawbacks of mud and mirk which too frequently attend those assemblies and which might tax the complacency of a Mark Tapley.

THE DIARY of a MIDLAND FARMER—JANUARY

JANUARY is one of those months when anything may happen. This time it has been cold and frosts have been severe. Work is not as forward as usual on the arable, and the frozen state of the ground has kept the teams away from the plough for longer than is desirable. The dairy cows—dairy shorthorns—have done well during the month. During the first week the supply of cabbage gave out and they were changed on to mangolds. Even 40lb. per day, in addition to 15lb. of clover hay, caused scouring for the first few days. The production ration was changed to 1 part by weight of maize germ meal, 1½ parts of decorticated cotton cake, 1 part of crushed home-grown wheat and ½ part of dried beet pulp. This mixture gives a ratio of protein equivalent to starch equivalent of 1:4.1, and is fed at the rate of 3½lb. per gallon of milk produced. The herd is milk-recorded every day, and though this costs money, yet it is well worth the expenditure. Not only is it a check on the efficiency of the milkers, but it is a great aid in detecting the first signs of illness. Thus Primrose gave 5lb. of milk less one morning than usual, and failed to clean up her food. Externally, she seemed quite normal and healthy, but a clinical thermometer indicated that she was running a temperature. Four days in the sick box with bran mash soon put her right again, and she has come back to her full yields. The study of the individual weekly milk totals is particularly interesting. Prior to the beginning of the month the yields had been falling in a rather alarming manner, but investigation revealed that the ration was faulty, and now the herd is back to where it was in the matter of yields some six weeks ago.

Three cows have calved during the month—Jane, Cherry and Mabs—resulting in the birth of two bull calves and one heifer calf, the latter, unfortunately, dying. Contagious abortion has proved particularly disastrous of late, and Mabs calved before her time. It is difficult to know what to do for the best when this trouble overtakes one, but a trial is being given to the inoculation of all cattle, six or seven weeks prior to mating, with a live vaccine of the abortion bacillus in the case of animals which have not previously aborted. There are risks to be run

even in adopting this course, and the present difficulties are that some of the cows and heifers are failing to breed, and these include some of the best animals in the herd.

The feeding of minerals is now a recognised thing in modern systems of feeding, and the dairy cows have been put on to minerals in consequence. A start was made with common salt, about 1½lb. being added to every hundredweight of concentrated food. A third of the herd refused to clean up their ration for the first two days, and it was necessary to cut the salt down to half that quantity. Animals are very fickle in their appetites, and that little venture cost three gallons of milk through the cows not cleaning up their food. The mineral mixture has been extended to one composed of 2 parts by weight of common salt, 2 parts of finely ground limestone and 1 part of sterilised steamed bone flour mixed up with the concentrated food at the rate of 2½lb. per cwt. of concentrates. This mixture is one recommended by Mr. Boutflour.

Complaints have been received that the Grade A milk has been yielding rather high bacterial counts. This has been traced to inefficient cleaning up of the cows prior to milking. Further investigation showed that the machine for clipping the hair off the udders and thighs had broken down, and this has now been replaced with a new machine—an electrically driven one this time. Clean milk production is all a matter of constant attention to detail twice every day. The slightest lapse or exhibition of carelessness is at once reflected in the bacterial counts and the filter pads.

The store and fattening beasts have made good progress. Four fat cows have been sold, which averaged 12cwt. each in weight, and made, respectively, £18, £23, £22 and £25 5s. Four young fat heifers have also been sold, averaging 9cwt., and made £23 10s., £21, £20 and £19 5s. The difference in price was mainly due to the differing demands at two markets. One week prices were about £2 per beast higher than the next, due to shortage of supplies. The following week prices slumped as a result of an overstocked market, but these are risks which one has always to face. There is not much possibility of making money out of feeding beasts at present prices, but the heifers



IN THE FARMYARD.

which are fattened are those which are unsuitable for entering the milking herd.

The pigs, which are fattened off for the large pork trade, have been generally unthrifty of late. The skins have been covered with a black scurf and very slow progress has been made in growth. As one entered the piggeries the frequent coughing by the pigs showed that all was not well. One morning a pig was found suffering from protrusion of the rectum. The pig was killed and a post-mortem examination was made and revealed a blockage in the intestines due to the presence of a number of roundworms. Previous to this discovery the pigman had ridiculed the possibility of worm infestation, and blamed the food and the floors as the cause of the unthriftiness. However, nothing can thrive in the presence of worms. Santonin is the best cure for this trouble. The pigs were, consequently, denied their breakfast one morning and starved until their evening feed, when a thin slop santonin was mixed and fed to each lot of pigs in a suitable quantity. Next morning each

pen was dosed with Glauber's salts prior to receiving their normal food, and the following day all the pens were strewn with scores of dead worms—a sight as interesting as it was appalling.

The main work outside has consisted of ploughing root-land when possible and of hedge-laying, thrashing wheat, oats and barley, and potato sorting. The potato trade has been very slow. For a good sample of King Edward potatoes the offers received were £4, £4 5s. and £4 7s. 6d. per ton. Twenty tons have been sold at this latter figure, the buyer providing sacks and carting away from the clamp after they have been sorted. The wheat thrashed out a rather disappointing sample, being somewhat discoloured by smut, and this despite the fact that the seed had been treated with formalin solution prior to sowing. Wheat prices are hardening a little, and 44s. per quarter was obtained for Yeoman. Difficulty has been experienced in buying good samples of barley meal for the pigs, so all the home-grown barley is being retained for grinding purposes, and a good sample of meal is being secured.

MADNESS WITH METHOD AT TWICKENHAM

THOUGH this be madness, yet there is method in 't," sums up one's impressions of one of the most thrilling games ever seen at Twickenham. There was a fury in their onslaughts that stirred the most sluggish spectator, yet they never lost their heads. They were "the Gay Ones, the Adventurous Ones, the Careless Plungers," and there was a whimsicality, a Puckishness about some of their movements that made one think they had brought all the Sheogs, Cluricauns and Leprecauns, "leaping like goats among the knees of the heroes," to aid them.

Not that the English XV was altogether bad; they had their moments, and the one glorious try they scored was the best movement in the match, worthy of a more detailed description. Half-time had come with Ireland not only leading by three points to nothing, but with a definite superiority at all points clearly established, and yet, two minutes after changing over, England was ahead. A scrum, a quick heel for once by the England forwards, and Young off with the ball tucked under his arm. Instead of passing to Laird, as the Irishmen expected, Young sent the ball to Sladen. With a straight, vivid dash the young Navy centre was through the worst of the opposition and, when challenged, passed to Aarvold. The Cambridge man took a difficult pass cleanly, staggered on a few yards, and in turn gave the ball to Smeddle. The latter, on his toes—he was all through the match—made off like a streak of lightning and raced round the last of the defenders to touch down. Wilson, the little red-stockinged Lancastrian, kicked a nicely judged goal, and England led by two points.

This was too good to last, however, for Ireland returned to the attack with unabated energy and, after a series of onslaughts on the English line that seemed endless and many hairbreadth escapes, Sugden found the blind spot in the England defence and crossed the line to touch down. Stephenson's kick missed by a foot or two, but Ireland had regained the lead and kept it to the end.

There was one most tantalising moment later which raised the hopes of England's supporters, only to dash them down again. This was the one glimpse we got of the real Arthur Young whose elusiveness has been the despair of so many opponents in the past.

Young broke away in his own inimitable fashion, leaving would-be tacklers grappling with thin air. Then came a swift pass to Smeddle and more ground gained. When about to be tackled, Smeddle passed to Wilkinson, who, true to the tradition he has set up in the Trials and Welsh match, was backing up in exactly the right spot, but—to the horror of everyone—he dropped the easy pass and lost a certain try. That was England's last and only chance of winning, but it was just as well that it happened so, for she did not deserve to win, and it would have been, indeed, an injustice to Ireland if she had done so.

Apart from the invincible and indomitable George Stephenson, the Irish captain, whose pluck in continuing his share in the game after breaking a rib alone deserved a victory for his side, one of the men who had the biggest share in Ireland's success was J. D. Clinch, the wing-forward. Pale-faced, with a white headgear that looked like a bandage, he was always a striking figure. In this match he was a Wakefield and Voyce rolled into one; like C. V. Rooke and many another famous "Wanderer," he was a terror in the loose play, and it always took at least three "jolly Englishmen"—and it would have taken Heaven knows how many "Portugees"—to pull him down. The Irish halves, Sugden and Davy, have had a long and successful innings together, but this match was, perhaps, their greatest triumph. As a pair they outplayed Young and Laird, and individually they scored both Ireland's tries. Of the other backs, Stewart is a much improved player; his fielding was excellent, in spite of the fact that he was often caught out of position, and his kicking, if short, usually found touch. Murray, who took Ganly's place in the centre, made

a good impression by his kicking and defence generally. Arigho was the best of the three-quarters and played well all through the match.

It was the Irish pack who paved the way for their country's success; they were irresistible in the loose and shared the honours in the tight scrums. Besides Clinch, Payne, Browne and Beamish caught the eye most frequently. This is the best set of forwards in the four home countries this year.

LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.



THE CARELESS PLUNGERS.

CORRESPONDENCE

HOLME LACY AND FOWNHOPE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My native county, Herefordshire, has of late been most unhappy in the matter of its stately homes; Stoke Edith burnt a year ago; and Rotherwas, that pleasant house which stood beside a long and murmuring "stream" upon the Wye, now levelled with the ground, its timber largely felled, its spacious meadows and its smiling cornland fouled with the remains of a munition factory. And now, as in a recent issue you point out, Holme Lacy, its near neighbour, largest and most famous of the county's mansions, is, if I may use the term, upon the bargain counter, at a price which, though derisory, none seems inclined to pay. It is not good to think of this great house, with all the lovely things that it once held, its splendid history and associations, being dragged down to the impersonal level of a school or public institution—or, still worse, to that of serving as a refuge for the ever-roving paying-guest. And yet the fate of Rotherwas seems to hover dark above it as the sole alternative. It is surprising that no wealthy man should recognise its great attractions and seize the chance of making it his home. Setting the house itself apart, the situation is delightful, and the more so that Holme Lacy stands aside from great main roads and motor traffic, though but four miles distant from the city and close to a small main line station lying snugly in a cutting and quite out of sight. Even without the undulating deer park and the matchless gardens, the wide view across the winding river to the hills above Fownhope seems almost worth the price; although those hills, once wooded, have in recent years been largely bared, and the great cherry orchards that gleamed white in spring upon their lower slopes are gone. Fownhope, with its fine church, its Green Man inn, its village stocks preserved below the churchyard wall, was at once the birthplace and the early home of Thomas Winter, more familiar as "Tom Spring," perhaps best and "straightest" of all heroes of the Ring. Tom lies in Norwood Cemetery, but a small tablet to his parents may be seen upon the outer face of the south wall of Fownhope Church. A lady living in the village will point out the pleasant little house in which the future champion lived, the meadow where he trained for his first local fights; and she will also tell you how it was her aunt who made his earliest fighting-suit—white linen; "fine and vexed she was when he came home with it all splashed and smeared with blood." I wonder if young Tom was ever in Holme Lacy mansion; it is not unlikely, for, being born in 1795, his Fownhope days would fall within the closing years of Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who, taking an heiress of the Scudamores as second wife, lived on until the year of Waterloo. Surely that most eccentric, not too temperate, but good-hearted man would like to see a lad of local fame. But we may hope that Tom would never see the duke borne off to bed dead drunk by servants,

who would take the opportunity of washing him—a treatment which he hated, as he did clean linen! So notorious was this latter fact that a friend, asked by the duke for a cure for rheumatism, suggested that he should "try a clean shirt." Jockey of Norfolk was one of many most distinguished persons, not excluding George III, who found themselves pilloried by the anonymous author of a most diverting *Heraldry of Nature* (1785), in which the coat of arms suggested for his grace is as follows: Quarterly, or, three quart bottles, azure; sable, a tent bed argent; azure, three tapers proper; and gules, a broken flagon of the first. Supporters—dexter, a Silenus, tottering; sinister, a grape-squeezer, both proper. Crest—a naked arm holding a corkscrew. Motto—"Quo me, Bacche, rapis?"—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

TO KEEP THE FRUIT WARM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of an old fireplace which, at the end of the eighteenth century, heated the walls to bring on the fruit. The walls are hollow, one side being stone, the other brick. There was a T-fall which came from the top of the chimneypiece to keep the fire in. In this particular wall there are three other fireplaces which are buried.—W. WINSOME WHARTON.

CARVING TERMS IN OLDEN DAYS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When looking over some old cookery books I was much interested in reading a chapter of instructions for carving poultry and game to see the different names used for the art as applied to the various kinds of game. Although the title is "Instruction in Carving," the word carving is not again used. Turkeys and fowls are simply cut up, although one must "lace" down both sides of the breast. Apparently these were cut up before being sent to table, for there are instructions as to the placing of the various parts. To "wing" partridges and quails one has only to raise the legs and wings, and use salt and powdered ginger as sauce. To "allay" pheasants and teels (I use the same spelling) the same process is employed, but no sauce but salt is allowed. A swan is "lifted" by being slit quite down the middle of the breast, clean through to the back, from the neck to the rump. To "display" a crane the legs are unfolded and the wings cut off. Sauce these with powdered ginger, vinegar, salt and mustard.

A hern is "dismembered," and a bittern is done in the same way, using no other sauce than salt. Woodcocks, curlews, plovers or snipe are all "thighed." But one has to "rear" a goose and "lace" it down both sides of the breast. The term used for mallard or ducks is "to unbrace," while a coney is "unlaced"; the hare, however, like a fowl, is only cut up. Hannah Glasse uses these terms, and so does a much later cookery book entitled *The London Art of Cookery and Housekeepers' Complete Assistant*, by John Farley, principal cook of the London Tavern. The copy I possess is the ninth edition, printed



A GARDEN FIREPLACE.

in 1800, but Collingwood and Woollams, in their *Universal Cook, and City and Country Housekeeper*, simply tell one how to carve the different kinds of game and poultry. So, probably, the names were becoming obsolete in 1892, the date of the printing of the one and only edition of their cookery book. It seems a pity that these quaint terms should vanish completely.—PHILLIPPA FRANCKLYN.

DUCK HUNTING IN MEXICO.

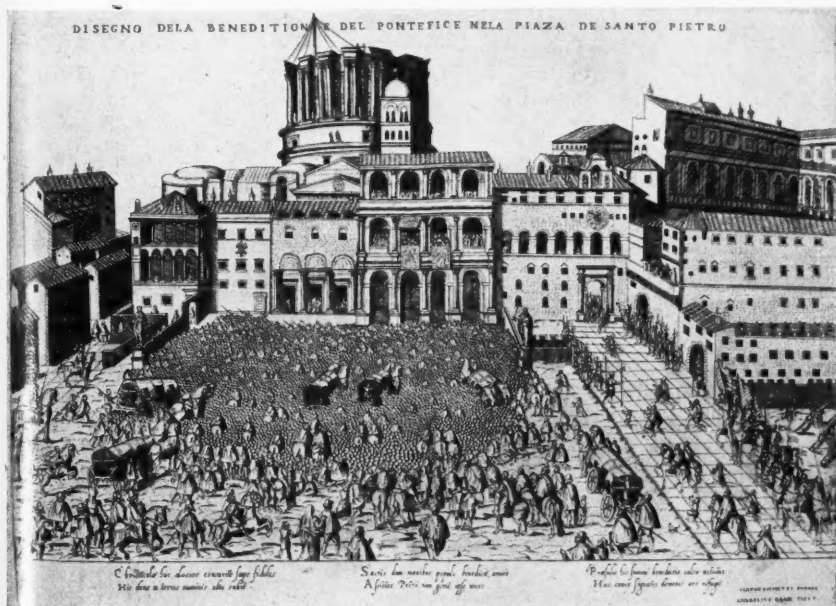
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A friend of mine sends me some interesting particulars of the methods adopted by the Mexican natives when duck hunting. A few miles from Mexico City there are three lakes, known as Chalco, Tezcoco and Xochimilco. Large flocks of wild ducks come to the lakes for feeding and breeding. For a few days no notice is taken of the ducks, in order that they may settle down. Then, one night, numbers of pumpkins or calabazas are turned adrift on the water. The pumpkins are left on the lakes for a day or two until the ducks become quite accustomed to the sight of them. At last the time comes when the men and boys are ready to start the duck hunting. Every hunter selects an extra large pumpkin, from which the interior has been scooped out; a number of slits are made in the rind as well. Each pumpkin thus treated is placed over the head like a helmet, and it is held in place by strings tied under the man's arms. The men enter the water and stoop down until nothing but the head enclosed in the pumpkin is visible. As long as they can they wade, but eventually swimming becomes necessary. When they get among a lot of ducks the chance to make captures occurs. Each man seizes a duck by its legs and, in a moment, draws it below the water before the bird has any time to give a warning call to its fellows.—S. LEONARD BASTIN.

CHANGES IN ITALY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In view of the settlement of the Roman Question effected this week between the Pope and Signor Mussolini, you may like to reproduce the accompanying print of the piazza in front of St. Peter's, which now will once more become papal territory. The drawing, showing the newly elected Pope giving his blessing to the kneeling crowds, was executed by Ambrogio Brambini in 1580, so that the Pope represented is presumably Gregory XIII, who was enthroned in 1572. It is of interest to recall that the present Pope on the day of his election revived this precedent, coming on to the balcony of St. Peter's and blessing the crowd in the piazza. In the drawing the dome of Michelangelo is shown in process of construction, and in front of it still standing is the façade of the original basilica erected by Constantine, which was soon to be swept away.—CLIVE LAMBERT.



THE PIAZZA IN FRONT OF ST. PETER'S, NOW AGAIN PAPAL TERRITORY.

THE CAPE ROBIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is curious that the bird popularly called the Cape robin (*cosypha*) should resemble ours in tameness: they often attend upon one while digging, but I never saw one come so close as the English birds will. They get their name from their rufous breast; but it is nowhere a real red. Young ones are specially tame, and would often fly in through the window; and I remember one that for several weeks came in regularly while I was at lunch, and picked up crumbs from the table, but I had to keep perfectly still. Birds at Cape Town are very shy, I suppose because never hard up for food—I saw three slight ground frosts in twenty-six years. The beautiful local wagtail builds about houses, and is also quite tame, but practically no others are. It took months to entice doves gradually nearer the house, till at last they would feed in the veranda within a yard of me. But I had to keep quite still, and never succeeded in getting them closer.—W. C. B.

"THE SUFFOLK TRAVELLER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You have several times published photographs in your Correspondence columns of



THE GILD HALL AT LAVENHAM.

that gem of Suffolk villages, Lavenham, but Mr. F. A. Girling's wonderful illustrations of Suffolk half-timbered houses in your last week's issue prompt me to send another as a pendant to them. It is the porch of the Gild Hall of Lavenham, a late fifteenth century timbered house, which stands in the irregularly shaped market place of the old wool town. Both inside and out, the house has much fine carving, but its charm, to my mind, lies in the overhanging eaves which throw such deep shadows across its black and white surface.—S. O. A.

"THE GOODMAN'S CROFT."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In an old magazine dated 1854 I came across this reference to "The Goodman's Croft," and would be glad of further information on the subject: "In Scotland there still lingered traces of an ancient superstition of a curious kind. It consisted of the practice of keeping a certain field, out of those constituting a farm, consecrated to the potentate of the lower regions. This field was called the Goodman's Croft, a term evidently selected in the spirit of complaisance towards the personage in question, and therefore in conformity with the object in view, which confessedly was that of soothing a Power which men felt it was difficult to battle with. The Goodman's Croft, of course, remained untill and unreaped, albeit perhaps the best piece of land in the district. There it was, in eternal fallow, covered thick with weeds,

and necessarily a nuisance to the useful fields around it. Synods fulminated against thus cottoning to the enemy; special parsons used particular persuasives to get the practice abolished; but the Goodman's Croft was, nevertheless, maintained in many places till the time of the Civil War." Is there any record of such lands in England? I have myself known just such a piece of waste ground, puzzling in its left-aloneness.—SARAH ROBSON.

THE TALE OF A PATRIARCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A correspondent in COUNTRY LIFE this week writes of the long-lived Yorkshireman, Henry Jenkins. We have in this house an old engraving of "Henry Jenkins, who lived to the astonishing age of 169," a handsome old man with a long beard, in a buttoned-up tunic and large hat turned up at the sides. I do not know the origin of the print. It has hung for very many years in the company of other Yorkshire celebrities, such as Sir George Savile, Arthur Wentworth, the earth-stopper, and our family pride, the Craven heifer.—M. F. C.

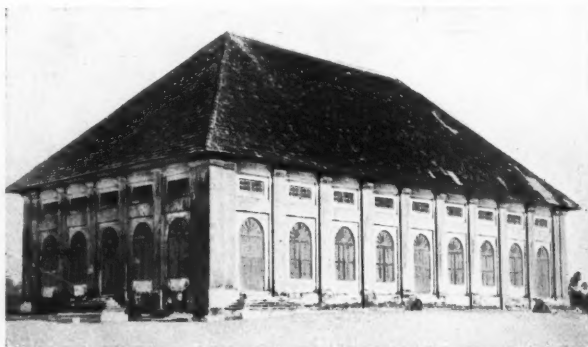
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Referring to the letter in the current issue of COUNTRY LIFE, I enclose a portrait of Henry Jenkins of Brompton-on-Swale.—G. A. TOMLIN.

AN UNCOMMON RESCUE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While sitting talking with a friend one afternoon on the veranda of a house in the *mofussil* towards the end of the rainy season, we heard the pitiful croak of a frog, which told us plainly that it had been caught by a snake, a common enough occurrence at this time of year in India. We immediately jumped up to the rescue, and soon we discerned a snake gliding off, with the poor frog held in its mouth, among the flower pots that lined the steps of the veranda. After playing hide and seek with us for a while, the snake was finally disabled and thrown out on the gravel near by, its victim having been swallowed by this time. A discussion arose between us as to what kind of snake it was, my friend saying it was a harmless grass one, while I differed, asserting that, as it was nearly three feet in length, it could not be a grass snake, as these are generally much smaller. While bending over the snake examining it, we noticed a swelling about fifteen inches down the belly, which indicated the position of the frog, and at the same time we heard a subdued croak proceeding from the interior of the snake's anatomy. We, therefore, knew that the frog was still alive, and our eagerness to save it increased as the faint croaks continued to reach our ears at intervals of a minute or two. I tried by manipulating a stick to squeeze the poor thing towards the snake's mouth, but failed. My friend suggested cutting the snake, and an axe was soon requisitioned and the body severed, about two inches from the protuberance, in the direction of the mouth of the snake. Then with a gentle pressure or so out jumped the frog. As it lay somewhat dazed for a time, we noticed that it had only a small puncture on its right foreleg. After resting awhile it then jumped back among the flower pots, as lively, no doubt, as before its little adventure. The snake eventually proved to be of the non-poisonous variety, and one that is eaten by the aboriginals of these parts. It must have been nearly half an hour from the time the frog was caught to the moment we rescued it. If not saved, the poor thing would have died of slow suffocation. This does not agree with one commonly accepted theory that Nature



THE CEREMONIAL DINING-ROOM OF THE MAHARAJAS OF TRAVANCORE.



"IN A GREEN OLD AGE."

is merciful in her methods of quick death when it relates to purposes of food.—MIK.

OLD DUTCH COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be interested to see the accompanying illustration of an old building in the Dutch Colonial manner which still stands in southern India. This was originally the ceremonial dining-hall used by the Maharajas of Travancore for entertaining European visitors. It lies actually on the beach outside the city of Trivandrum, which is the capital of Travancore, and the outside is still in a remarkably fine state of preservation. I am not quite certain of the exact date it was built. I believe it to be early in the eighteenth century. Standing as it does absolutely solitary on the edge of the sands, the simplicity of the design is most effective, while the red-tiled roof and the dull white plaster of the walls are shown up by the yellow of the sands. This building has not been used for many years, and it is to be hoped that it will be preserved as an example of old Dutch Colonial architecture of which few examples survive in southern India and Ceylon. Another fine example is the Custom House in the old town of Galle, at the southern point of Ceylon. I enclose a photograph of the main gateway, with its flattened arch and coat-of-arms, with the date 1669. This was originally one of the main Dutch factories in Ceylon, and is a typical example of a building of its type of two storeys, the upper being very lofty and airy, where the European employees worked and lived above the ground floor, where the goods were warehoused. It is incredibly long, and the narrow width is shown in the gateway which runs under the building, and thus forms one side of a semi-fortified square.—C.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE GATE, GALLE

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LEADING THREE YEAR OLD COLTS

A READER of COUNTRY LIFE, resident in Switzerland, sends me a request to write my opinions on those two year olds of last season which are likely to fill important parts this year in the classic races. "I always," he says, "look forward to your notes on this particular topic. They interest me very much, and frequently I have remembered them to my advantage and profit. The horses which interest me specially are Bosworth, Totalisator and Cragadour. They may not be your pick, but I do not forget that at the end of last November you wrote rather highly of Bosworth, and I wish particularly to know whether you still fancy him as a Derby colt."

One of my bookmakers, ever solicitous for my prosperity as a backer, has just sent me his list of prices on the Derby, and I note that Totalisator is even denied the distinction of a quotation. It means that a long price is obtainable at this juncture about Lord Dewar's colt. Cragadour is at 14 to 1 and Bosworth at two points longer odds. The favourite in this list is Costaki Pasha at 7 to 1; Mr. Jinks is second at 8 to 1; and Gay Day and Reedsmonth share the 10 to 1 mark. Brienzi is at 12 to 1.

Let me say at once that I have no wish to back a horse for the Derby at one or other of these prices. They have no attraction for me. If my usual practice be followed, then I should try a shot just before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, knowing that if my fancy should win that race its price would become ever so much shorter, thereby permitting me to hedge without risk of loss. There is no truer saying than that a bet is never a good one until it is hedged. After the Two Thousand Guineas, the form in which is so often vastly disturbed by what happens at Epsom, there is the race for the Newmarket Stakes, which Fairway won a year ago after missing the Two Thousand Guineas. Again, there must come something of a re-adjustment except, of course, in such an exceptional year as when Sunstar won both the Two Thousand Guineas and the Newmarket Stakes in quite exceptional style. Best of all is it to wait until near the day or the day itself when the situation, so far as public form is concerned, shall have been defined.

Bosworth only appeared in public once last season, and that was at Hurst Park at the end of the last week but one. It happened, however, that I saw him for the first time several months before then. It was an occasion when I had the privilege of looking round Lord Derby's splendid stable at Newmarket. Bosworth was then just a big overgrown colt by Son in Law from Serenissima, a distinguished mare at Lord Derby's stud, the dam of that grand filly Tranquil, who won a St. Leger and ought, I shall always think, to have won the Oaks in her year. On breeding alone, therefore, Bosworth arrested attention. I saw a great resemblance in him to his sire, Son in Law, a grand horse for whom I have always had something of genuine affection.

POSSIBILITIES OF BOSWORTH.

Bosworth ran on that one occasion as I have said. He was not fancied to beat Mr. Jinks, who, in fact, won very easily and did much to consolidate his own position. But for a debutant entirely new to racing Bosworth showed up really well, and most assuredly pleased Frank Butters and Mr. George Lambton, who has the management of Lord Derby's horses.

I can say no more about him at this stage. He has, like all others, been wintering quietly, but I learn that he has progressed in the right direction. The time will come, of course, when he will be put to the test. The Derby may come along too soon for him, but I shall not despair of seeing him fulfil expectations. Neither Fairway nor Solario, both horses of great class, could win the Derby in their respective years. At this stage, therefore, I do not recommend my correspondent in Switzerland to back Bosworth for the Derby. We must know a lot more about him before risking our money. It may well be that he will be interesting us more about St. Leger time than he will do next June.

As a rule the Middle Park Stakes form is reliable. Yet I find a strong disinclination to accept the race of last October at its face value. Can it be that Costaki Pasha won it too easily? Or do students of the engrossing subject view the failures in that race of Reedsmonth and Arabella with suspicion? I must say they were startling failures, and in the case of Reedsmonth I know that the colt's trainer could not offer any explanation. The going was heavy and the day dismal. Yet Costaki Pasha relished conditions, reminding us that the really outstanding horse should be equally good on any course and in any conditions of going.

If Grand Terrace, also owned by the Aga Khan, had not been second I should not have these doubts as to the accuracy of the form. I do not care for Grand Terrace as an individual, and he was badly beaten in the later race at Hurst Park for which Bosworth finished third. Yet Brienzi was third, and this colt was the soul of consistency last autumn and, to my mind, a most attractive individual. Costaki Pasha is bred to stay on his sire's side, being a son of Gainsborough, but his dam, Cos, is by Flying Orb, and she was just a sprinter. Brienzi is by Blink, against whom there was much prejudice, and, I

think, justifiably so. That Brienzi is the best colt sired by Blink is unquestioned, for, apart from performances, he is powerful and well balanced. He is one of my favourites of last season, and will certainly continue to interest me this season.

Another of my favourites is Mr. Jinks. Here is a really grand colt, perhaps the most commanding of all the two year olds of last season. We must not forget that he was conceding weight when Tiffin trounced him at Sandown Park for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. Tiffin was, no doubt, the better, and, indeed, Mr. Dawkins in his Free Handicap set Lord Ellesmere's filly to give 11b. to Mr. Jinks. Apart from that she is entitled to the sex allowance of 3lb., so that virtually Mr. Dawkins estimated the filly to be 4lb. better.

Mr. Jinks should never have run for the Buckenham Stakes at Newmarket when Reflector beat him. He had not been long in work after a stoppage subsequent to Goodwood, and the ground that day was very hard for such a heavily built colt. He later won the Prendergast Stakes and the Hurst Park race in great style. You would not suppose, to look at him, that he is likely to be a stayer. The Two Thousand Guineas, yes, but I have serious doubts where the Derby is concerned. He is by Tetratema, also the sire of Tiffin, and though Tetratema had a staying son last year in Toureen, his stock have hitherto more distinguished themselves over short distances. It is, however, on looks as well as on breeding that I have doubts as to the stamina of Mr. Jinks. But that he is a racehorse of magnificent speed and is a grand sort in every way I have not the slightest doubt.

GAY DAY'S RECORD.

I do not share the raptures some people are indulging in where Gay Day is concerned. His expression is not kindly—one takes instinctive likes and dislikes about racehorses—and I associate my impression of him in the paddock with his undue excitement at the starting post. In this way he handicapped himself at the start of the Middle Park Stakes, and because he was galloping on strongly at the finish to claim fourth place onlookers declared he would have won had he got off on equal terms with the rest. Beware of such reasoning. It leads to treacherous ground. When a horse is seen to finish strongly in that way and the race has been won easily it is often the case that the strong finisher is merely running through some beaten and pulling up horses.

If we argue that Reedsmonth for some reason did not give his true form in that race, then we must make a like excuse for Arabella because of their earlier form at Doncaster. At any rate, the pair ran fairly true to their Champagne Stakes form, and because they did I am not disposed to offer excuses for either now.

Certainly we must be watchful where Lord Astor's Cragadour is concerned. We know so little about him. He was only in public once, on which occasion he finished second to Mr. Jinks for the New Stakes at Ascot, beaten two lengths. To tell the truth, he did not come under my observation in the paddock, and so I cannot tell you about his appearance and whether he had the makings of a high-class three year old. But I see that he is by Craig an Eran, who has not yet got a colt or filly anything like as good as himself in this country, though he claims a top notcher in France in Mon Talisman.

Cragadour's dam, Pompadour, is also well bred, and, indeed, comes of a fine winning family. Therefore, if Cragadour should be destined to take classic honours, his breeding will be accepted as perfectly correct. This seems to me to be a year for a horse to win the Derby that did not necessarily do much as a two year old. The case of Felstead, who did not win as a two year old, is too recent to need emphasising. Mr. Jinks and Cragadour did not have much behind them in that race for the New Stakes. We know practically all there is to know about Mr. Jinks and very little about Cragadour. It is another reason why we should wait for the opening of the season and the hints the early racing may afford. At this moment I can only suggest that, while Mr. Jinks may have an outstanding chance for the Two Thousand Guineas, I feel attracted by the claims as likely Derby colts of Brienzi, Costaki Pasha and Bosworth. Totalisator did not have much racing, and though there was room for improvement in him, I much preferred others.

A JOCKEY CLUB VICTORY.

The Jockey Club gained a memorable victory in the Court of Appeal last week. In their test action against Mr. Edgar Wallace as to the right to recover forfeits in the form of liability for entry money they were given a mandate on the authority of the law. This they have never possessed, and, indeed, the lower court declared that a forfeit was merely a gambling debt and, therefore, irrecoverable at law. But now all that will be changed. Defaulters can be made to pay up under pain of being proceeded against at law. Trustees of deceased owners must take on the obligations in respect of entry monies, so keeping alive nominations which under the existing rule have had to be declared null and void. That rule has now been definitely shattered.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

LARGE ACREAGES OFFERED

EVERY week sees an addition to the list of large landed properties that are so shortly to come under the hammer. This week a wide tract of South Devon agricultural holdings has been placed in the market, and there are many square miles in Wiltshire, Berkshire and other counties, including the Midlands, for early sale. In many instances the tenants or others will succeed in acquiring lots before the auctions.

AN ESTATE NEAR DAWLISH.

ASHCOMBE, in South Devon, of about 1,850 acres, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for the trustees of the late Mr. H. Holman. It is two miles from Dawlish, and comprises eight dairy and stock holdings, cottages and 400 acres of woodlands and plantations. The estate may be offered by auction.

Thousands of pounds have in recent years been expended on Tyhurst, Chaldon, a gabled residence designed by Mr. P. Morley Horder, high on the Surrey Hills between Merstham and Caterham, which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold, and 15 acres are included.

The sale is announced by Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley of Borran, Chobham, to a client of Messrs. Harrods, Limited. The auction will not be necessary.

Down Ampney and Compton Bassett estates of 8,760 acres on the Wiltshire border, four villages, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley shortly.

Compton Bassett belonged in early days to a branch of the well known Bassett family. The manor passed to Hugh Despenser, on whose downfall in Edward III's days it was first settled on the queen, then on the Duke of York, and finally on the latter's son who fell at Agincourt. In 1552 it was sold by the Crown to Sir John Mervyn of Fonthill, and acquired in 1663 by Sir John Weld, who built the present house. Later it was sold to Sir Charles Hodges, Secretary of State, and in 1715 to the son of Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General to Queen Anne. John Walker Heneage possessed it in 1761, and it remained with the family until recently. Cherhill was in Edward I's time a possession of Richard Fitzjohn, later passing by marriage to William, Earl of Warwick, but was forfeited and conferred on John de Beaufort, Marquess of Dorset. King Henry IV restored it to the Earl of Warwick, the "Kingmaker," but on his death at the Battle of Barnet, it again became forfeit and remained part of the Royal domains for centuries.

SCOTTISH DOMAINS.

IN reference to three or four Scottish estates which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have lately announced that they are to deal with, the firm has embellished its notes with curious old couplets of an antiquity that is great, and an interest seeming to show that ability to turn a rough rhyme and write it down was possessed by quite a number of Scotsmen in the Middle Ages. Similar ability was not, as far as we are aware, a feature of the average Englishman of contemporary date. Poetry was left to the ballad singers and the few whose names ring melodiously down the ages.

The history of the estate of Kininvie, which, with Lesmurdie in the county of Banff, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, may be traced back at least to the year 1480, when it was possessed by Alexander Leslie, second son of the first Laird of New Leslie. The charter granted by the Earl of Atholl in 1521 is still preserved at Kininvie with the seal almost intact. Tradition has it that King James V of Scotland once visited Kininvie in the disguise of a beggar, and so hospitably was he entertained that on his departure he revealed his identity to Alexander Leslie and delivered this couplet:

"Kin in the way thou has been to me,
And Kininoway thou shalt always be."

An episode said by some to be the origin of the name Kininvie, but, perchance, a witty reference by the King to the then existing name. The two estates, which are situated about six miles apart, nowadays extend to 3,752 acres, and form an excellent sporting property, with a grouse moor and salmon and trout fishing. Sixty-six salmon were taken last season. In its oldest form Kininvie

probably consisted of a single lofty tower, and the oldest part of the present interesting house is a vaulted dungeon, with a spiral staircase leading to the living rooms and watch tower above. In olden days one of the duties of the occupier, as vassal to the Earl of Atholl, was to guard the surrounding country against raiders, Kininvie being one of the strongholds forming a chain of forts between the Highlands and the province of Moray, and it was understood that as long as he kept his tower in sufficient state of defence he was relieved of feo duty for the land.

ON THE SUSSEX BORDER.

ON the hills, 600ft. above sea level and within 35 miles of London, is a finely built reproduction of an old Sussex manor house, now for sale for £16,000, by Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor. In the 16 acres appurtenant to the house stand a real old Elizabethan farmhouse and cottages, and all are close to a famous golf course. In recent years a large sum has been expended in perfecting the residential character of the property, and as an instance of the wise provision made it may be mentioned that a permanent water supply that will involve nothing for future maintenance has been installed at a cost of over £2,000.

In regard to the Tunbridge Wells freehold of 6 acres, called Chancellor House, we prefer to think of the late Mrs. Rachel Beer, its owner until her death a year or so ago, and the earlier holders like Sir Richard Heron, who employed Inigo Jones to do decorative work for him at Chancellor House and elsewhere, rather than of Judge Jeffreys, whose name has been vaguely connected with the property. Recent attempts to whitewash the character of that judicial bully have been interesting rather as exercises of journalistic ingenuity than successful as serious efforts to rehabilitate his reputation. The preponderance of evidence seems to point to what most people believe, that Jeffreys was too vile a person to make it otherwise than objectionable to have his name even indirectly associated with a property. His connection with Chancellor House seems of the most shadowy, and it is well to be able to say so. The first Duchess of Abercorn and Queen Marie Amelie, widow of Louis Philippe, lived at Chancellor House, which occupies a very pleasant part of Mount Ephraim. The price that can be accepted for the freehold is low, no more than £4,750, or Messrs. Curtis and Henson might be able to arrange for a tenancy.

Thakeham Rectory, Sussex, a Tudor residence, in 6 acres, has been sold by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons.

DONINGTON PARK.

FOR Colonel the Right Hon. John Gretton, M.P., fully illustrated particulars of Donington Park have been issued by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The Trent bounds the estate for two and a half miles, and affords fishing from both banks, and fishing tenancies yield £180 a year and are the subject of a payment of £65 a year to Captain A. W. Ker, lord of the manor of Castle Donington. In respect of part of the shooting, the Donington Park income of £2,570 a year includes £200. The mansion and a large area are specified in the schedule of income and expenditure, but no figures appear against those items. Donington Park was once the seat of the Marquess of Hastings and the Earls of Huntingdon. The deer park of 400 acres contains trees of gigantic proportions, ornamental rather than useful, but testifying to the possibilities of some of the land for afforestation. Messrs. John German and Son are the local agents co-operating with Messrs. John D. Wood in the sale of this large estate. During the war the Government took a lease of the mansion and utilised it, after considerable outlay on repairs and adaptation, for the purpose of internment of enemy officers. The courtyard was hedged by barbed wire and ornamented at the corners by machine-guns, and there were one or two sensational escapes by burrowing under the walls. In 1793 Lord Rawdon demolished the old house and rebuilt it according to his own design in the prevalent Gothic. The actual architect was Wilkins, who put the library, 70ft. by 30ft., and other enormous rooms round the courtyard which was so useful during the war. Tom Moore stayed at the Hall with Lord Rawdon, and put on record his impressions in a characteristically

sentimental manner. The elevation of Rawdon to the dignity of Marquess of Hastings in due time brought the estate into the hands of the notorious gambler, who got rid of an income of £30,000 a year and great estates with such speed that the mischief was done by the time he died, just sixty years ago, at the age of twenty-five. He had the misfortune to win wonderfully in the first few of his ventures, and plunged, so that, as a contemporary remarked, he was "ruined alike in health, honour and estate." Hermit's success in the 1866 Derby cost him £140,000, but that particular folly was not so much due to an itch for betting as to a wish to annoy Hermit's owner over a love affair.

STICHILL: TWEED FISHING.

TROUT fishing in the Tweed is one of the esteemed points about Stichill, an estate of 5,615 acres, north of Kelso. The 500 acres of woods and the wide tracts of arable afford first-rate partridge shooting. Hunting can be had with the Duke of Buccleuch's Foxhounds, as well as the Berwickshire and the Lauderdale. The fine mansion, commanding views of the Cheviots, stands in a beautiful country, and the trees, some of which will not win praise from the timber merchant, are of a type that the landscape painter loves. The net rent of Stichill, for sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., exceeds £6,000 a year.

Freeholds in Belgravia are really rare ones, and it may be that the Countess of Warwick will receive a sufficiently tempting offer before the auction next Thursday (21st) to take it out of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.'s list at the Mart. The particulars of the property, which is No. 25, Chesham Place, are ready. The joint agents are Messrs. H. G. Godfrey-Paton and Sons. No. 90, Eaton Place has changed hands through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

A CHESTER RESIDENCE.

SIR ALEXANDER MAGUIRE has directed Messrs. Constable and Maude to sell Hoole Hall, a large and admirably fitted house in the Georgian style on the outskirts of Chester. Gardens and grounds extend to approximately 55 acres. The firm, acting on behalf of executors, has to dispose of Hillside, a couple of miles from East Grinstead. There is a lake of 7 acres in the freehold of 46 acres.

The sale is reported by Messrs. Watkin and Watkin of Manor House, Hartswood, Reigate. It is approached by an avenue of elms half a mile in length, and stands in a park of 60 acres. The firm has sold in lots about 312 acres of the agricultural portion.

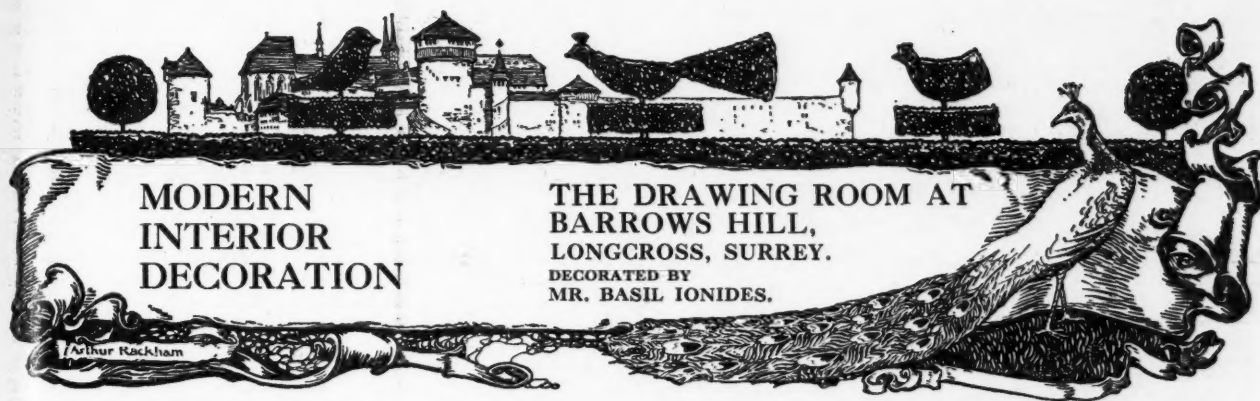
The late Captain Marden's little Queen Anne house in Charles Street, Mayfair, has been sold by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., who, with Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners, have sold a Willett-built leasehold in Upper Grosvenor Street.

No. 72, Drayton Gardens, South Kensington, changed hands through Messrs. William Willett, Limited, before auction. No. 17, Albert Road, Regent's Park, at the north end of the Broad Walk, overlooking the Park, which was submitted to auction by Messrs. Healey and Baker, has been sold. The firm has also sold two detached residences, Nos. 68 and 70, Avenue Road, St. John's Wood.

The country residence known as Toft Hill, Dunchurch, near Rugby, which was withdrawn from auction at the end of July, and about 3½ acres, has been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock.

AN ANCIENT TAUNTON PRIARY.

VERY favourable terms have been granted by the owners, a religious community, in selling for £10,000 to the Corporation of Taunton all Park Street Convent property, one of the most valuable sites in the town. The convent is the home of the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration. The sanctuary is richly decorated, and the large altar in marble and alabaster is a very valuable piece of work. The community has decreased in numbers of late years, owing to losses by death, and it is understood that the remaining sisters desire to remove to another house of their Order. The ground on which the convent stands was in pre-Reformation days the site of Taunton's house of Carmelite Friars. The property comprises the convent buildings and chapel, two cottages, gardens and field, in all over 2 acres. ARBITER.



MODERN INTERIOR DECORATION

THE DRAWING ROOM AT
BARROWS HILL,
LONGCROSS, SURREY.
DECORATED BY
MR. BASIL IONIDES.

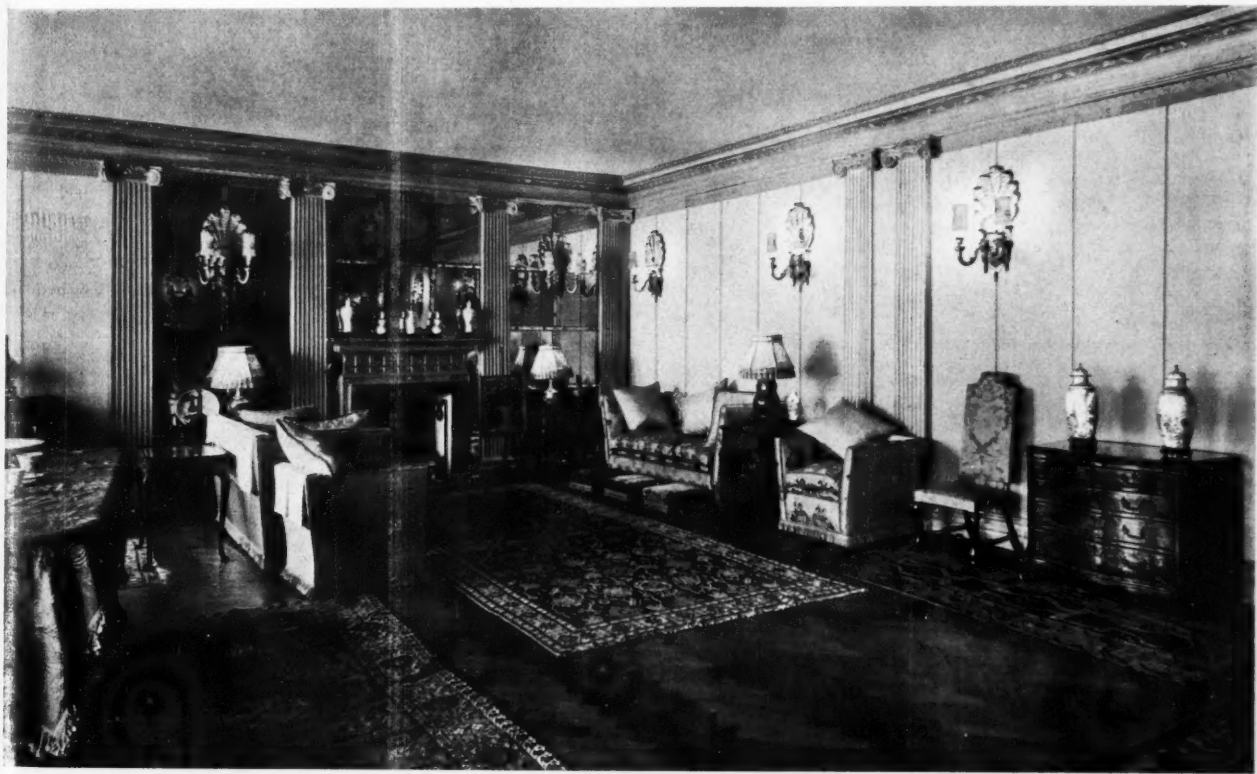
It is undeniable that in nearly all the arts at the present time the eighteenth century receives an admiration as great as did everything mediæval a hundred years ago. At first sight this may seem strange in a generation which has discarded tradition and admitted the utmost liberty to the creative artist. But an artist is not really happy with an unrestricted field before him, and the eighteenth century offers a pleasant paddock to work in, confined, perhaps, but full of enchantment. The enchantment lies partly in the feeling of security from wayward and lawless romanticism; partly, too, in the unrivalled grace and elegance of the artistic achievements of that cultured age. But, more than this, there is in classical art an unfailing supply of material on which an artist or an architect can weave fresh variations of his own invention without risking an excursion into an untried mode. We have seen eighteenth century architecture and decoration imitated in all its phases, often with no more discretion than was shown by the Gothic revivalists. But, on the other hand, many of our greatest architects to-day use the idiom of that century as their native speech, only enriched with new phrases of their own coinage. In their capabilities for modification and adaptation the classical orders would seem to be inexhaustible.

Mr. Ionides has made an interesting experiment with



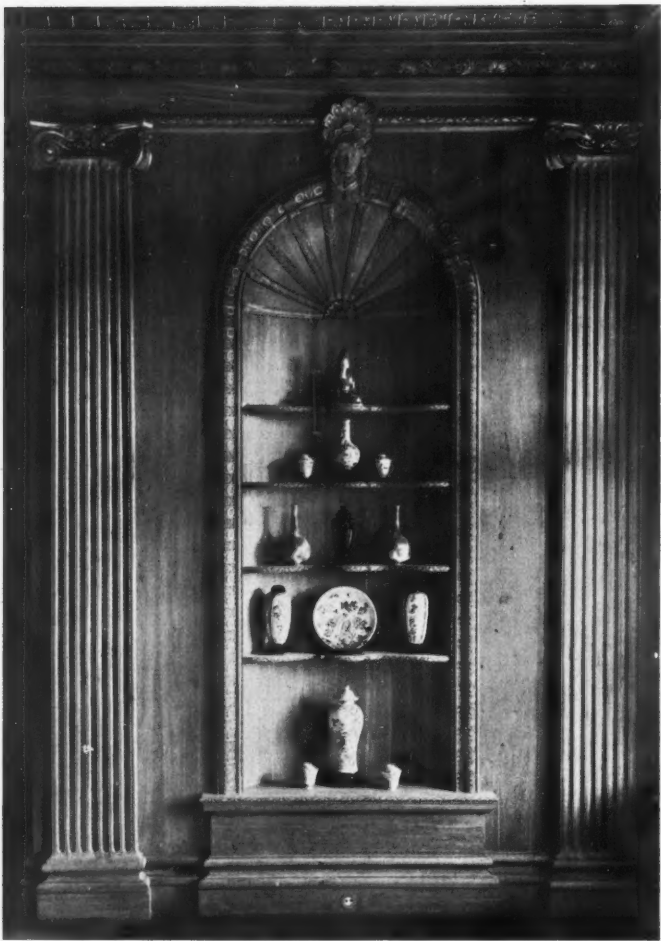
AN ORIGINAL TREATMENT OF THE FIREPLACE, SET AGAINST PANELS OF GREY GLASS FRAMED WITH IONIC PILASTERS.

eighteenth century decoration in a room which he has rebuilt for Sir William Berry at Barrows Hill, his country seat near Chertsey. The house began life as a mid-Victorian Italianate villa, but it was very greatly enlarged and rebuilt at the end of last

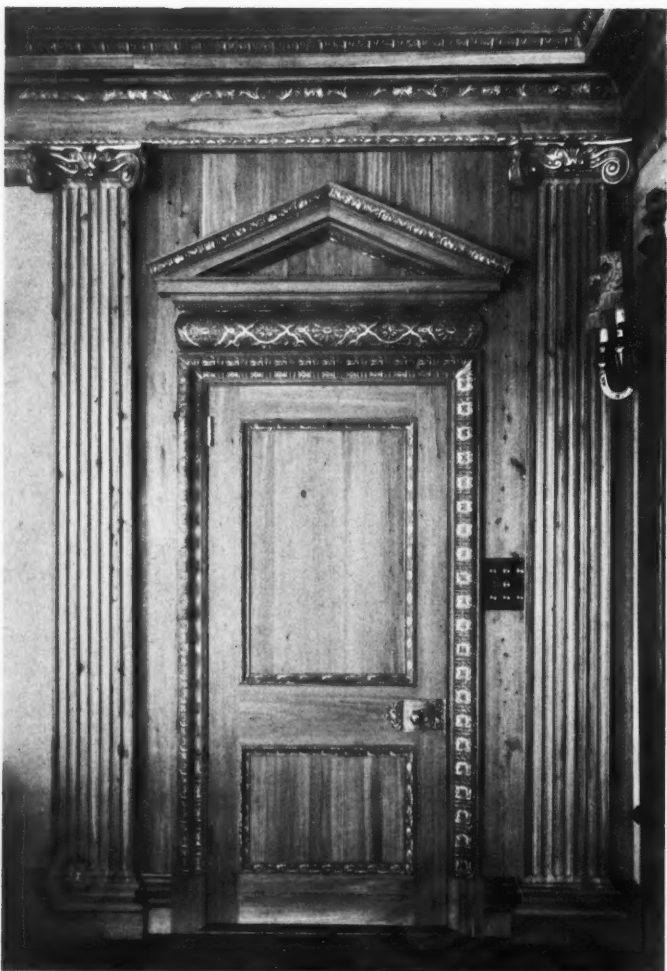


A HARMONY OF SOFT PINK AND BURNISHED GOLD.

The woodwork is of unstained cedar picked out in gold, and the walls are lined with taffeta.



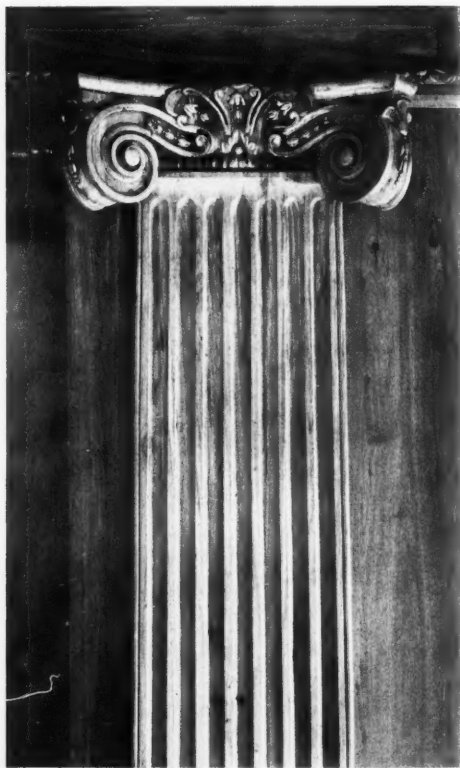
A FINELY DESIGNED NICHE.



DOORWAY, WITH DETAIL TAKEN FROM EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GESSO FURNITURE.

century. It is in a pseudo-Jacobean style, which does not admit of high ceilings or sashed windows, but these handicaps did not deter Mr. Ionides from his eighteenth century scheme. The proportions of the room—two rooms have been thrown into one—are not very happy themselves; the room is too short and too low for its width, but by a series of ingenious devices the feeling of disproportion has been greatly modified. The wall at the far end has been panelled with mirrors, which increase the apparent length of the room, giving a sense of depth and distance as you enter the door. The lowness of the ceiling is also counteracted by the light treatment given to the cornice and the omission of any form of dado round the walls. By these means much of the initial difficulty which the shape of the room presented was overcome.

The general scheme of decoration one would associate with the early eighteenth century, but the way in which it is treated is entirely original. Mr. Ionides has taken the detail of gesso furniture and adapted it for the main decoration of the room. In a larger room the scale of such detail might be too small to be used effectively in this way, and in particular the cornice would appear too slight. But, as has been pointed out above, with a ceiling so low it was impossible to have a bold cornice, and treated, as it is,



DETAIL OF PILASTER, SHOWING ORIGINAL TREATMENT OF THE CAPITAL.

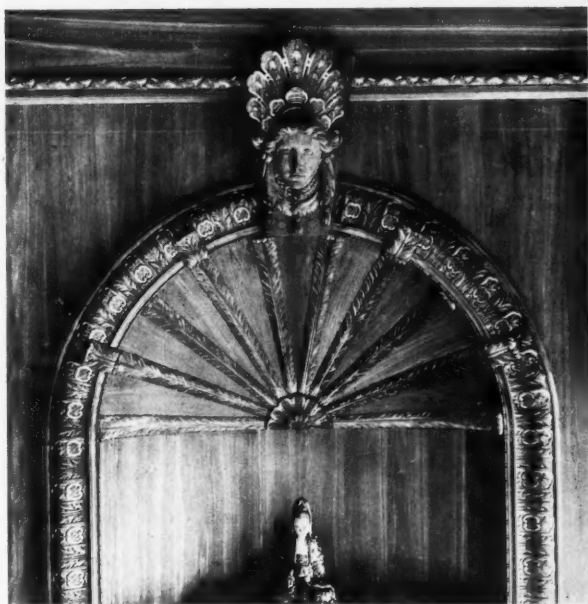
it gives just that feeling of delicacy which was what was wanted. The woodwork is of unstained cedar, whose delicious scent pervades the whole room. The carved portions are picked out with gilt enrichments. The resulting effect of soft pink and gold, the general scheme of the room, is rich without appearing luxuriant, and at the same time is very delicate. Ionic pilasters are used to frame the main features of the room—the door, the panelled mirrors flanking the fireplace, and the charming niche which gives interest to the wall at the opposite end. A pair of pilasters also divides the otherwise unbroken north wall. The spaces between the pilasters are lined with taffeta divided into panels and hung with a delicately worked fringe under the cornice; but plain surfaces of cedarwood are left here and there, above the cornice of the door and on either side of the niche.

The electric light sconces, carved and gilded, are the boldest ornamental features in the decorative scheme. Each has two branches depending from either side of a Medusa head, which is surmounted by a sheaf of nine feathers. The same form of ornamentation is used for the "keystone" of the niche, and the feather motif is repeated in the head of the niche itself, making an interesting variation from the usual acanthus foliage. There is also a recollection of feathers in the ornament between the volutes of the capitals, which

are treated with a free application of detail, in the form of drops taken from furniture.

The mirrors at the fireplace end of the room are of grey glass, which softens their reflections and allows no hard lines to interrupt the delicate tones which prevail. Each panel is framed with an ornamented border of cut glass of the finest workmanship. Mirrors are inserted between the carved pilasters and the sides of the fireplace, which appears to be inset into glass. This novel treatment has the advantage of showing up the fineness of the carving, which is nowhere more delicate than in the frieze and cornice that form the overmantel. As a contrast to the subdued tones of the woodwork, the marble surround of the fireplace is of green jade.

The stuffs of the furniture and the lamp shades are one with the pink and



DETAIL OF NICHE.

burnished gold of the woodwork. The settees and armchairs have yellow brocades, and the lamp shades are a terra cotta colour. To add to the richness of effect there are fine Persian rugs on the floor and the silk curtains were specially woven at Lyons in France. Such a room would appear too sumptuous were it not for its extreme softness of tone and the refinement of its ornament. To carry out this delicate piece of craftsmanship Mr. Ionides went to Messrs. Lenygon and Morant, who also redecorated some of the rooms in Sir William Berry's house in Seamore Place. The carcing was done by Mr. Ketcher, one of their craftsmen. The excellence of the workmanship of this fine room should effectively explode the idea commonly held that any work of the highest quality is unobtainable in this country because there are no craftsmen capable of executing it.

A. S. O.

HAND-PAINTED WALLPAPERS

HAND-PAINTED wallpapers have been neglected, and are usually considered as the perquisites of the very rich, to be put into rooms seldom used, and then only for entertaining. This is a great pity, as a hand-painted paper can be one of the loveliest things imaginable and need not be very expensive.

One must not confuse hand-painted wallpapers with walls decorated by original artists, who will charge large fees for decorations sometimes good, sometimes bad and often fantastic and impossible to furnish to. But there are studios where there is, perhaps, a leading member who does samples and indications of the scheme, which is fully carried out by young apprentice hands at quite a moderate cost.

Perhaps one's first thoughts turn to the Chinese style, as the Chinese were probably the originators of painted wallpapers, and their papers were probably the best. Their designs are endless, suited to all styles of rooms, and most beautiful in colour. The old ones are expensive, but beautiful modern ones are

being imported, and, what is more interesting, there are English artists who paint in the Chinese style, so that it is difficult to tell that they are not Chinese. Though the fact is not quite relevant, I have lately seen a room painted for a client on shantung silk in the Chinese manner. It is done in a way that would apply to paper and was done in England.

The imported painted Chinese papers are almost always in designs that cover the whole walls, starting at the base with the ground, from which trees and foliage grow, with birds, ornaments and figures, and most of the English-made papers copy this scheme slavishly; but delightful decorative schemes may be evolved by having hand-painted portions to decorate certain spaces of the wall, while a plain, spotted or diaper filling completes the scheme.

One effective arrangement is to have a frieze in the form of lambrequins, with the corner ones carried down to the chair rail, and also, perhaps, falling strips between to form panels. This may be most charming if done in the eighteenth century



GREEN WALLPAPER IN THE CHINESE MANNER IN A HOUSE IN MANSFIELD STREET.

Chinese manner of painting, as one finds so often on silk; or it may be beautiful in a regular festoon and pendant type of decoration.

These painted wallpapers should almost invariably be used with a dado below, so that where there is perspective it shall be right. I have often seen good old Chinese papers put down to the skirting, and thus lose half their value through wrong perspective and obscuring furniture. The dados can be treated as part of the scheme and decorated as balustrades or with Chinese fret, which may also be in paper.

One must not confuse hand-painted papers with those marvellous block painted landscape papers that were made at Rixheim and other places in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and which are so very popular in America. These are quite distinct, though imitations were made of the Chinese hand-painted ones, but they do not touch the Chinese in delicacy or imagination, and also they have to repeat, which hand-painted work never really does.

One may have papers painted on all sorts of grounds; for instance, certain ribbon or fringe and tassel patterns are admirable on a "moiré" paper. Certain scroll and acanthus designs are good on a marble paper, as would be designs with a Pompeian feeling.

The painting of the paper gives great freedom of colour, and the shading can be arranged according to the window lighting so that the effect is correct. A printed paper would be one-sided in shading.

Care must be taken that the right media are used. For certain types of design—for instance, the Chinese—colour with a body of white will be most useful, and the design should generally be outlined in deep brown or black, according to Oriental practice.

For swags, tassels, fringes, etc., in the Renaissance manner, there should be no outlining, but bold brushwork. There are



BATHROOM WALL DECORATION PAINTED MOSTLY IN WHITE ON A MEDIUM BLUE GROUND.

points of interest in a room will give an individuality that no printed paper can achieve.

If possible, do not varnish a hand-painted paper. The colour will turn in time and much of the delicacy will go, and, what is worse, certain colours will change more than others, as, naturally, they are mixed by different methods from those used in block printing.

These hand-painted papers can easily be painted *in situ*, but will probably cost more this way, as it is always cheaper to get things done in a studio than in a house, and also the work is more quickly done away from the distraction of a house. Painted papers require an essentially delicate treatment and are not suited to places where breadth and boldness are needed, unless one uses gold or similar ground, working in the style of painted leather. Then, of course, one is copying a different medium and making an imitation. How well these Chinese papers can be painted by amateurs is seen in our illustrations of a bathroom. Here the ground is blue, and the decorations in white are touched with colours on the flowers: and it was all painted by Lady Diana Duff Cooper herself.

The other illustrations show several forms of Chinese paper, and one gives a detail of a piece showing the breadth of treatment in the painting. These papers must be delicately painted and yet not finicking, to be effective. I.



ENGLISH CHINESE PAINTED PAPER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, THE DESIGN OUTLINED IN BLACK.



OLD CHINESE HAND-PAINTED PAPER, THE PANELS EDGED WITH EMERALD, IN THE HOUSE OF SIR WILLIAM BERRY, BT.

studios where all this is understood and where painting of any type can be most cleverly produced.

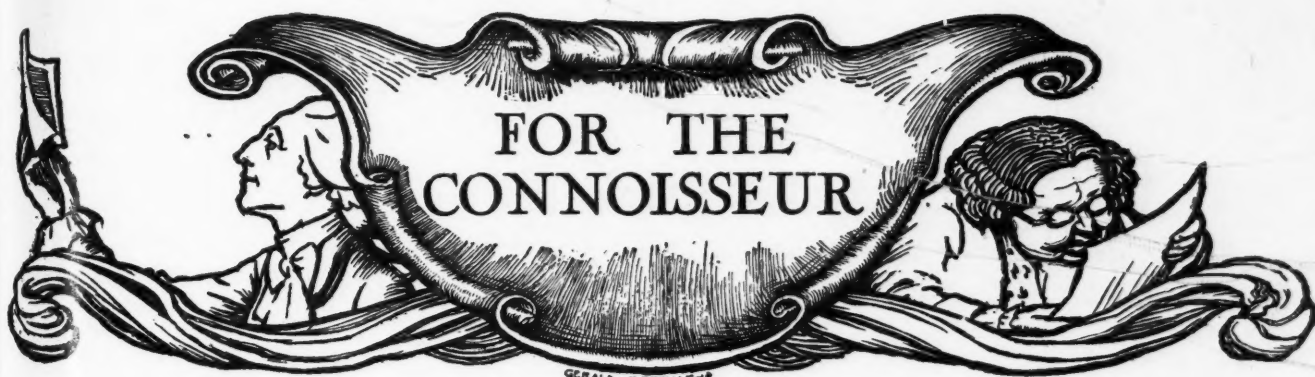
It will probably be necessary, if the design runs in frieze and panels or any similar pattern, to have the decorated portions cut out and applied over the ground panels. This is easily done, and the joints show very little indeed. Should an individual but very reasonable scheme be wanted, it will be found admirable to have panels painted to go over the doors and mantelpiece in a column, with vase and flowers in an important corner. These



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FURNITURE AT THE INDIA OFFICE.—I

EAST INDIA HOUSE, in Leadenhall Street, was the home of that great corporation, the East India Company, "once the most magnificent in the world." For two and a half centuries it controlled India from this centre, and it was not until after the Indian Mutiny that this power was by Act of Parliament, 1858, transferred to the Crown. Horace Walpole, meditating in a letter to Horace Mann on the vicissitudes of history and the contemporary power of this country, prophesied a future when there would be no relic left of the Company's house but a broken column, and his forecast has been fulfilled. "We beat Rome" (he wrote) "in eloquence and extravagance, and Spain in avarice and cruelty; and like both we shall only serve to terrify schoolboys and for lessons of morality. Here stood St. Stephen's Chapel; here young Catiline (Fox) spoke; here was Lord Clive's diamond house; this is Leadenhall Street and this broken column was part of the palace of a company of merchants who were sovereigns of Bengal."

The transference of power from the Company took place two centuries and a half after its first ship reached the coast of India and a little more than a century after the epoch-making battle of Plassey. The powers of the Company were transferred to a Secretary of State, who was assisted by a Council, and, finally, in 1874, the Company, a "very shadow of a shade," was dissolved. Its movables and a two-storeyed marble chimney-piece have outlasted East India House and the Company.

The old East India House in Leadenhall Street, before its re-building in 1726-29, (as shown in a drawing by Vertue in 1711), was a half-timber structure crowned by an immense painting extending the entire width of the house, representing a fleet of merchantmen.

It was decided in 1726 that the old East India House, "being very old and in great danger of falling down,"

should be re-built, and a "ground plat and front presented by Theodore Jacobsen Esq." was adopted. Jacobsen, himself a merchant, afterwards designed the Foundling Hospital, of which he was a governor. When the new building was completed, the directors thanked Jacobsen for his assistance, and proposed to give him a piece of plate to the value of £200, but this gift was changed to a ring of equal value. The work continued in 1727 and the following year, and well into 1729, and to the surveyor, John James (of Greenwich), a fee of £300 was paid, as well as a final gratuity of fifty guineas. It would seem, therefore, that John James, a very able architect, Clerk of the Works at Greenwich under Wren, Vanbrugh, Campbell and Ripley, had the greater share in carrying out the work, and in the *Grub Street Journal* (1734) James, not Jacobsen, is mentioned as the architect.

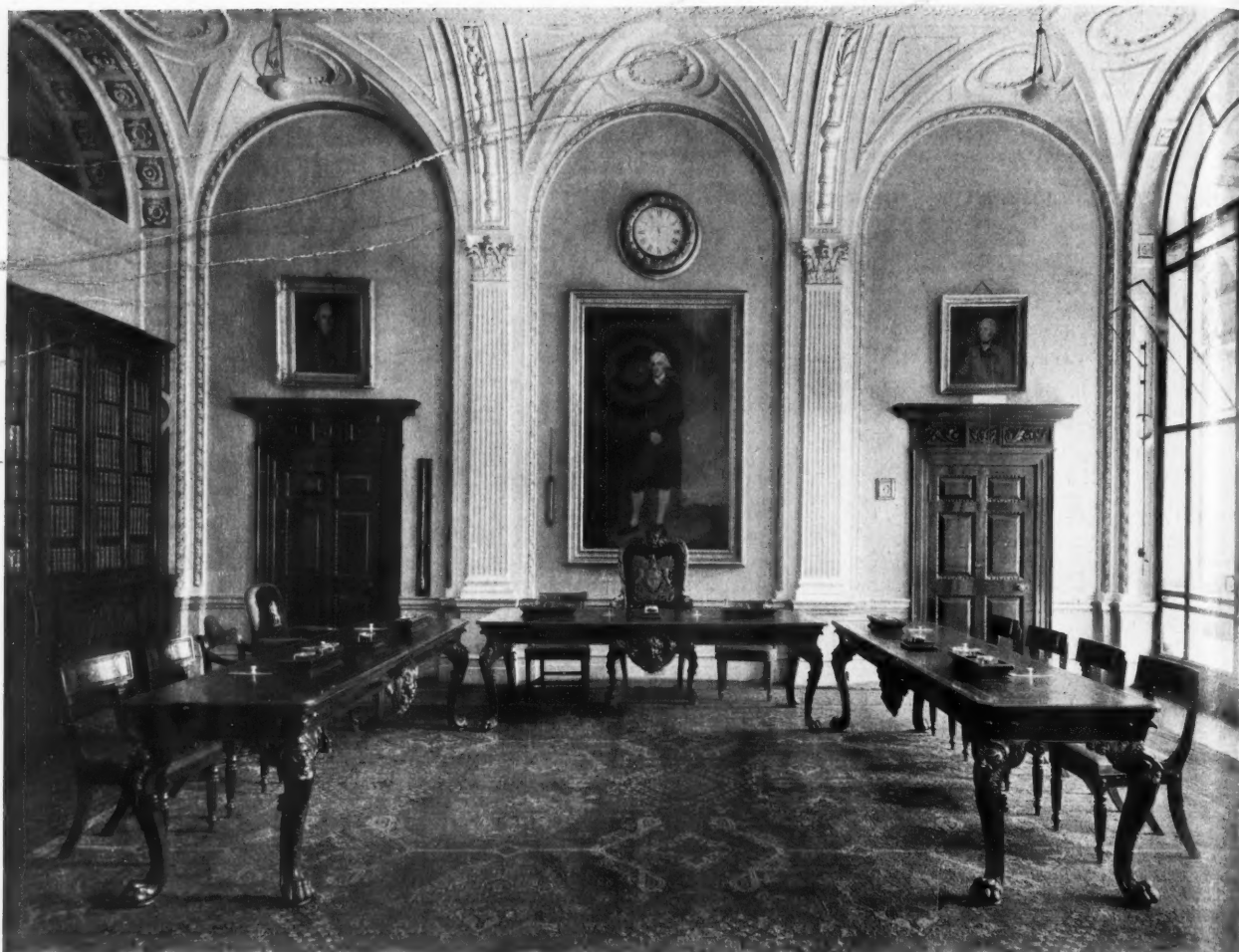
In June, 1729, the building was finished, and Don Manuel

Gonzales in his *Travels*, describes it as "lately magnificently built, with a stone front to the street, but the front being very narrow does not make an appearance answerable to the grandeur of the house within, which stands upon a great deal of ground, the offices and storehouses admirably well contrived, and the public hall and committee room scarce inferior to anything of the like nature in the city." The front, as shown in an engraving of 1766, has a rusticated basement storey; above this it is divided by Doric pilasters, and above this, again, is a balustrade.

A survival of the magnificence of the East India Company's interior is the chimney-piece in the Council Room (Fig. 1), framing in the upper stage a marble bas-relief upon which can be traced the name of John Michael Rysbrach, "the best sculptor that has appeared in these islands since Le Sueur" (in Walpole's words), for which he was paid £100



1.—MARBLE CHIMNEYPIECE IN COUNCIL ROOM.
From old East India House. Circa 1730.

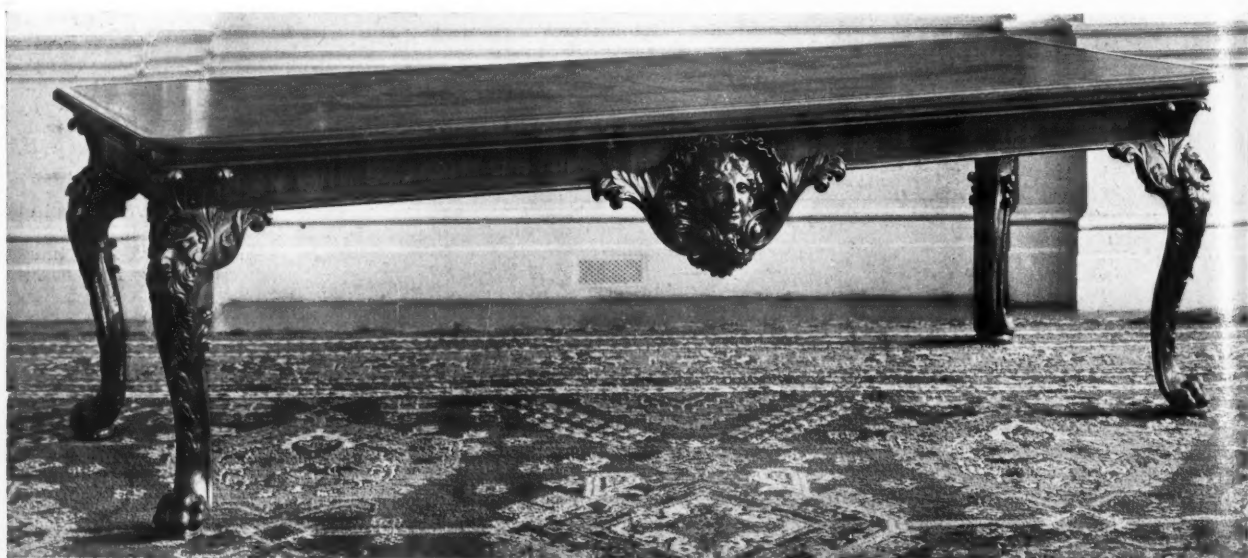


2.—THE COUNCIL ROOM.

in 1730. It represents Britannia seated, receiving offerings from India, while two figures with an attendant lion and camel typify Africa and Asia. To the right is the river god, Father Thames. In Rysbrach's sale catalogue, dated April 20th, 1765, mention is made of a "Basso-Relievo representing the bringing of Riches from the four parts of the World to Britannia, done for a chimney piece in the East India House," which was the model for the carved marble bas-relief. Rysbrach's immense activity was noted by George Vertue, who records in 1732 that Rysbrach "at present has great employment from quality and gentry and had in hand several great works of monuments and Bass-relieves, Statues, Busts, etc." Other chimneypieces from the old building are in the Revenue Committee Room and the Finance Committee Room. The latter, in which the key-cornered surround is flanked at the sides by carved consoles and has the frieze carved with a female mask and drapery swags, dates

from the completion of the building under James. The chimneypiece from the library of the old East India House is a fine example of rich and finished relief-carving of English sculptors of the middle years of the century. In the tablet is carved a Bacchic head, backed by trails of vine, and the consoles of the jambs rest upon satyr-masks reminiscent of the three tables in the Court Room.

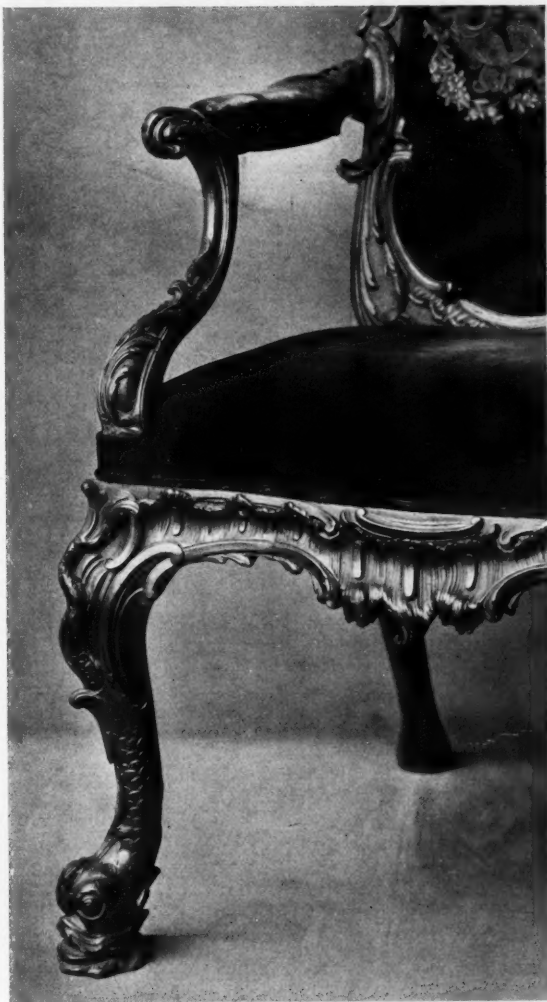
After the demolition in 1861, the best of the furniture and fittings were removed, and besides the great marble chimneypiece, the tables and chairs in the Council Room are survivors of Leadenhall Street. The Early Georgian group, which dates shortly after the Jacobsen-James re-building completed in 1730, includes the three tables (Figs. 2 and 3), of which the cabriole legs are carved on the shoulder with a male mask finishing above in acanthus leaves which are hipped on to the frieze. From the chin of the mask descends an acanthus leaf



3.—ONE OF THE TABLES IN THE COUNCIL ROOM. *Circa 1735.*
Height 32ins., length 101½ins., depth 42ins.



4.—WALNUT ARMCHAIR. *Circa 1745.*
Height 60ins., width 32ins., depth 30½ins.



5.—DETAIL OF FIG. 4.

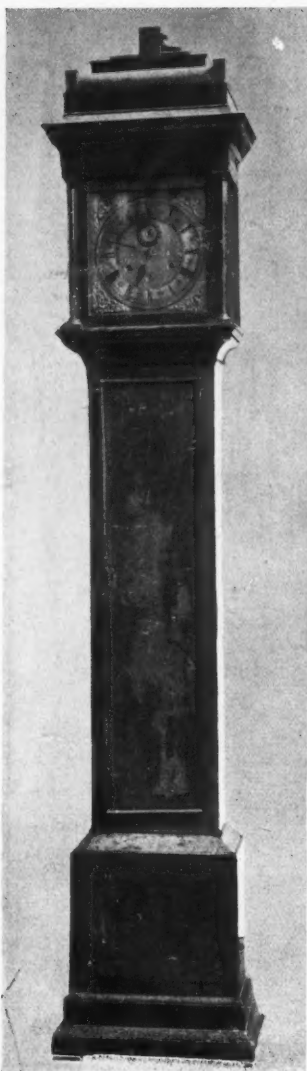


6.—WALNUT ARMCHAIR. *Circa 1735.*
Height 43½ins., width 27½ins., depth 25½ins.



7.—DETAIL OF FIG. 6.

TWO ARMCHAIRS AT THE INDIA OFFICE.



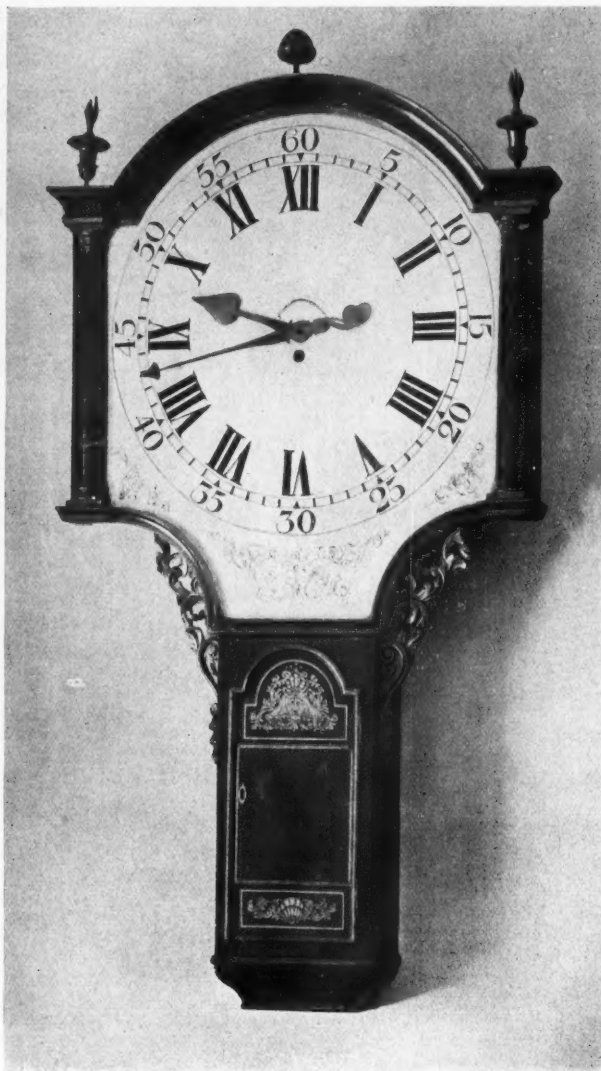
8.—WALNUT LONG-CASE CLOCK IN LIBRARY.

By J. Windmills.

and a pendant of husks, and the line of the frieze is broken on one side by a female mask in high relief, backed by a shell and acanthus scrolls.

The president's chair in the Council Room, which dates somewhat later (Fig. 4), is carved in the centre of the top rail with a crowned head of Neptune, and is closely similar to a chair at Trinity House, Tower Hill. The front legs of both examples are carved with a complete dolphin; the detail of the seat rail differs slightly in the two cases. Upon the Company's chair the arms of the Company, worked in coloured silks and silver thread, are embroidered on the back panel.

In a walnut armchair of unusual type (Fig. 11) the legs, which are very slightly cabrioled, finish in lion paw feet and are carved on the shoulder with a hard-featured Indian mask with an upstanding tiara of ostrich plumes. In this chair the whole range of Early Georgian motifs is combined, the Indian mask, the bird-beak finish to the arms and the lion paw feet. An unusual detail is the female mask carved at the spring of the arm. The wood is dark in tone and richly figured; the tall back is upholstered in



9.—HANGING CLOCK. Circa 1740.



10.—WALNUT LONG-CASE CLOCK IN ROOM 170.

By François du Chesne.

red velvet on which is embroidered the badge of the East India Company, a lion holding a crown. In a second armchair, also of walnut (Figs. 6 and 7), the front legs finish in a dolphin head and part of the leg is scaled, a motif reminiscent of old East India House before the 1726 rebuilding, where the building was crowned by two dolphins flanking a colossal seaman.

The wall-clock with short trunk and large dial, clearly lettered so that the time could easily be read, dates from about 1740, considerably earlier than the "Act of Parliament clocks" of the same short trunk form, mostly with black faces and with the hours gilded, that were made in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The dial, which is painted white and unprotected by glass, is flanked by matted colonettes, supporting a cornice surmounted by vases and a centre finial. The body is ornamented with pierced foliate scrollwork at its junction with the dial, and the arched door is painted with a ship. I am indebted to Sir William Foster's *East India House and its History and Associations*, an invaluable record of the domestic side of the Company's history, for much material about the architectural growth of the house.

M. J.



11.—WALNUT UPHOLSTERED ARMCHAIR. Circa 1720.
Height 55½ ins., width 34½ ins., depth 31½ ins.

CHINESE PORCELAIN IN THE DUTCH PICTURES

TO those who love the minor arts as well as the major, the exhibition of Dutch art at Burlington House has a double fascination. After enjoying the masterpieces of brushwork, colour and composition, they turn a questing eye on the delightful pictures of interiors and still life, in the hope of seeing in their proper surroundings the art objects which the collector of to-day would feign have in his cabinets. For the old Dutch painters were peculiarly conscientious in their treatment of

the furniture and appointments of the rooms in which their scenes were laid. The rugs thrown over the tables are so accurately rendered in design and colour that it is almost possible to name the exact place in the Orient in which they were made; the Dutch and Venetian glass ewers and wine cups can be compared in the minutest detail with those in modern collections; and the crockery is so exactly depicted that we have hardly a doubt as to what is Delft and what is true Chinese porcelain. In fact, it will amply repay the collector, whether furniture, textiles, metalwork, glass, pottery or porcelain be his fancy, to devote a little time to studying the intimate details of these splendid pictures, when he has satiated himself with their artistic charm; and this article is intended to point a few of the lessons which can be learnt by the student of Chinese porcelain.

The pictures in question were painted by artists who lived in Holland in the seventeenth century, at a time when the Dutch



1.—THE WRATH OF AHASUERUS, BY JAN STEEN.

Batavia, and a trading station was founded in Formosa in 1624, both of which ensured them a good share in the China trade. Further, they were granted a concession on the island of Deshima, off Nagasaki, in Japan, in 1641; but Japanese porcelain is conspicuous by its absence in our pictures, and, indeed, it is clear that the "Old Imari," which the Delft potters copied so assiduously at a later date, did not become a staple of the Oriental trade till the last decades of the seventeenth century.

On the other hand, Chinese porcelain of the late Ming period and of the transition period between the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties was evidently the fashionable ware, and we suspect that the collecting instinct was already strong in the Dutch, for many of the pieces depicted must have already attained a ripe age when they were used by the Dutch painters.

Thus Fig. 3 shows the detail of a picture (No. 286 in the Catalogue) attributed to Willem Kalf (1622-93), in which we

East India Company was busy with the merchandise of the Far East. For the best part of a century already the direct trade with China had been shared by the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and the older Chinese porcelain in Holland had doubtless passed through the hands of these intermediaries. Thus Dürer tells, in his Antwerp Diary, how, on a morning in the year 1520, he breakfasted with "the Portugaleser" who gave him a present of three "porcolona." But in 1602 the Dutch themselves had established a settlement in



2.—THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE, BY JAN STEEN.



3.—EWER AND GOLD-MOUNTED DISH.

see a blue and white ewer of Persian shape but of Chinese porcelain, with a curious design of a kylin lying in front of a fountain. The type is not unknown. There are specimens in several European collections, and some of them have the "hare" mark which we see on sixteenth century porcelain. One of these fountain ewers figures in a photograph of the Chinese porcelain stored by Shah Abbas in the Chini-hane at Ardebil, in Persia; and Shah Abbas, who reigned from 1587 to 1629, was contemporary with the late Ming Emperors Wan Li and T'ien Chi. On the table by this ewer is a dish with a gilt metal mount and handles, in which we recognise a border pattern of cranes and lotuses such as one sees on late Ming porcelain. A dish with similar decoration and a late sixteenth century metal mount was lent by Mr. Pierpont Morgan to the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition of 1910.

Another still life (Fig. 4) by Willem Kalf (Cat. 299) shows that the artist was the lucky owner of a specimen for which our modern collectors would contend savagely in the auction



4.—MING BOWL, FIGURES APPLIED IN HIGH RELIEF.

room. It is a deep, covered bowl of blue and white Ming porcelain with pairs of figures (Taoist Immortals) applied in high relief on its sides. One or two such bowls are known to us with the figures in unglazed biscuit; but Kalf's bowl has a rare distinction. The figures are enamelled on the biscuit, the black on the head-dress and red on the robes being clearly indicated.

One of the most attractive of the late Ming blue and white porcelains is that with a thin, resonant body, crisply moulded with shallow panels and lobes and foliate rims, and painted in a pale, clear, silvery blue. The fact that it is found in some quantity in India, Persia and Egypt proves that this ware was a staple of the export trade, and of all the export wares it is, perhaps, the finest. The Dutch painters had a strong partiality for it, and it figures in a number of their pictures. Thus Fig. 2, a picture by Jan Steen (Cat. 192), who died in 1679, there is a deep bowl with moulded sides and out-turned rim and panels of flowers on the exterior. The interior is not visible, but we know these bowls well and dare swear that it is painted on the bottom with a singing bird on a rock. How long this type of porcelain remained in fashion is hard to say; but there are specimens with European metal mounts which take us back to the middle of the sixteenth century, and there are others which can hardly be less than a century later. Two dishes of the same family are seen on the table in Fig. 1, and another is clearly depicted in No. 249, a still life painted by Abraham van Beyeren in 1654.

Another still life (Fig. 5), painted by Willem Kalf in 1653 (Cat. 240), shows us, beside a fine Dutch glass goblet, a blue



5.—BLUE AND WHITE JUG WITH TULIP DESIGN.

and white Chinese porcelain jug with a conventional tulip design on the neck.

I see the china enthusiast turning in horror from Fig. 1, Jan Steen's "Wrath of Ahasuerus" (Cat. 208). On the floor, smashed to pieces, lies a lovely blue and white stem-cup. The wreck so lies that he can see the base, on which is a mark. Anxiously he scans it, and finds to his intense relief that it is not, as he feared, the reign mark of Hsüan Tê or Ch'êng Hua, but only a flower, the sign of a later period, and probably not Ming after all. To the artist the cup was modern, and he had a right to break it if he wished, especially as he spared the two late Ming dishes which the wrath of Ahasuerus has left unscathed. But can we so readily forgive Willem Kalf for inserting in a still life (Cat. 237), painted by him in 1658, a ginger jar with square cover and a dark blue ground in which are reserved panels with those tall ladies, so irreverently nicknamed Long Elizas by the Dutch? Here he has upset not our china, but our calculations, for by all the accepted rules this type of vase should be a generation later than the date of the picture. So we must adjust our chronology, for we dare not suppose that this vase is a later addition to the picture, which is otherwise distinguished by a very charming late Ming dish.

These instances by no means exhaust the specimens of Chinese porcelain which can be collected at Burlington House, and there is besides, for the ceramically minded, a considerable choice of European pottery to be had for the trouble of searching.

R. L. HOBSON.